

DOLL MAN



smashes the
perilous
ELIXIR
of YOUTH!

SEPTEMBER
No.24

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

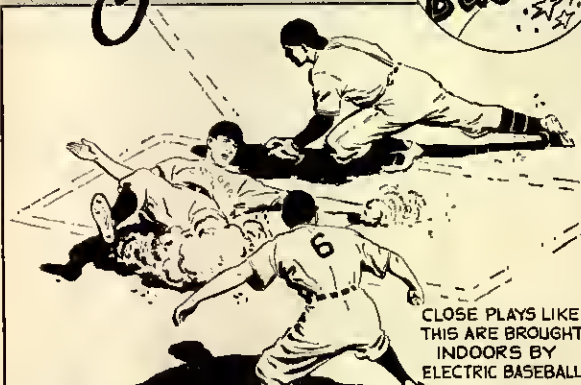
BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action
into INDOOR thrills

IT'S A
**FENCE
BUSTER**

ELECTRIC BASEBALL



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE
THIS ARE BROUGHT
INDOORS BY
ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE
HAD TO CALL THE
GAME BECAUSE
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT
US HERE, NOW ADMIT
YOU WERE KIDDOING.
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D
FINISH THE
GAME IN
YOUR HOME.

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN
CONTINUE THE PLAY
ON THIS ELECTRIC
BASEBALL GAME!

SAY,
THAT LOOKS
SHARP! LET'S
PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD--
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE
TRIGGER BAT,
YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE
HIM OUT,
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE
WINNER! THAT'S THE
BEST LOOKING GAME
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING"
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT
SPLIT SECOND AND
KEEP TRACK OF
STRIKES, BALLS,
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,
INNINGS, ETC!

PLAY BALL--
I'M ALL
SET!

SCIENTIFIC, YET
AS EXCITING AS
CAN BE!

SPECIAL \$3 if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry — send for your game — right now Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play Big 14 x 16 Pondrosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL.

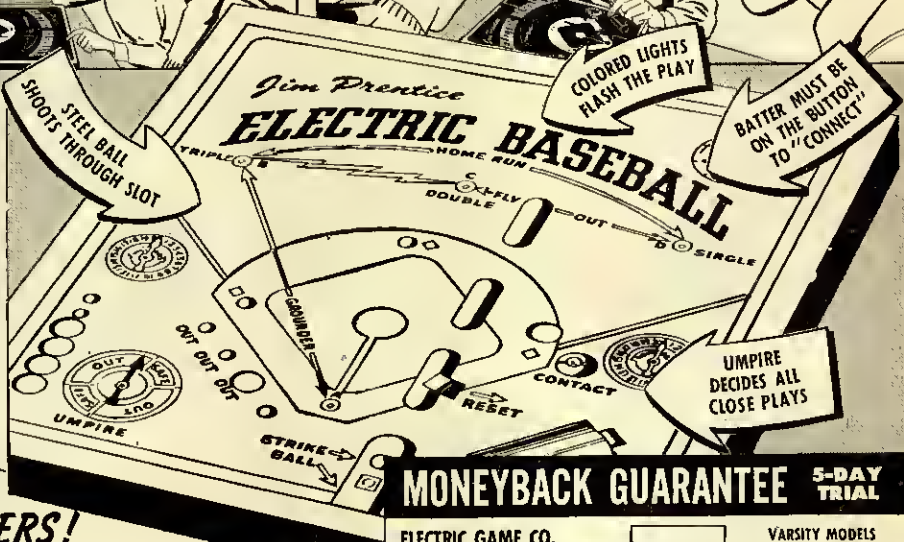


Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. REAL FUN — for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street
NOLYOKE, MASS.

act fast



MONEYBACK GUARANTEE

5-DAY TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO.

94 Front St. Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed

Varsity Models

☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00

☐ Electric Football \$3.00

NEW SUPER MODELS

☐ Electric Baseball \$10

☐ Electric Football \$10

CASH or C.O.D.

☐ Full payment with order — no collections

☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance.

All Games Postpaid

Name

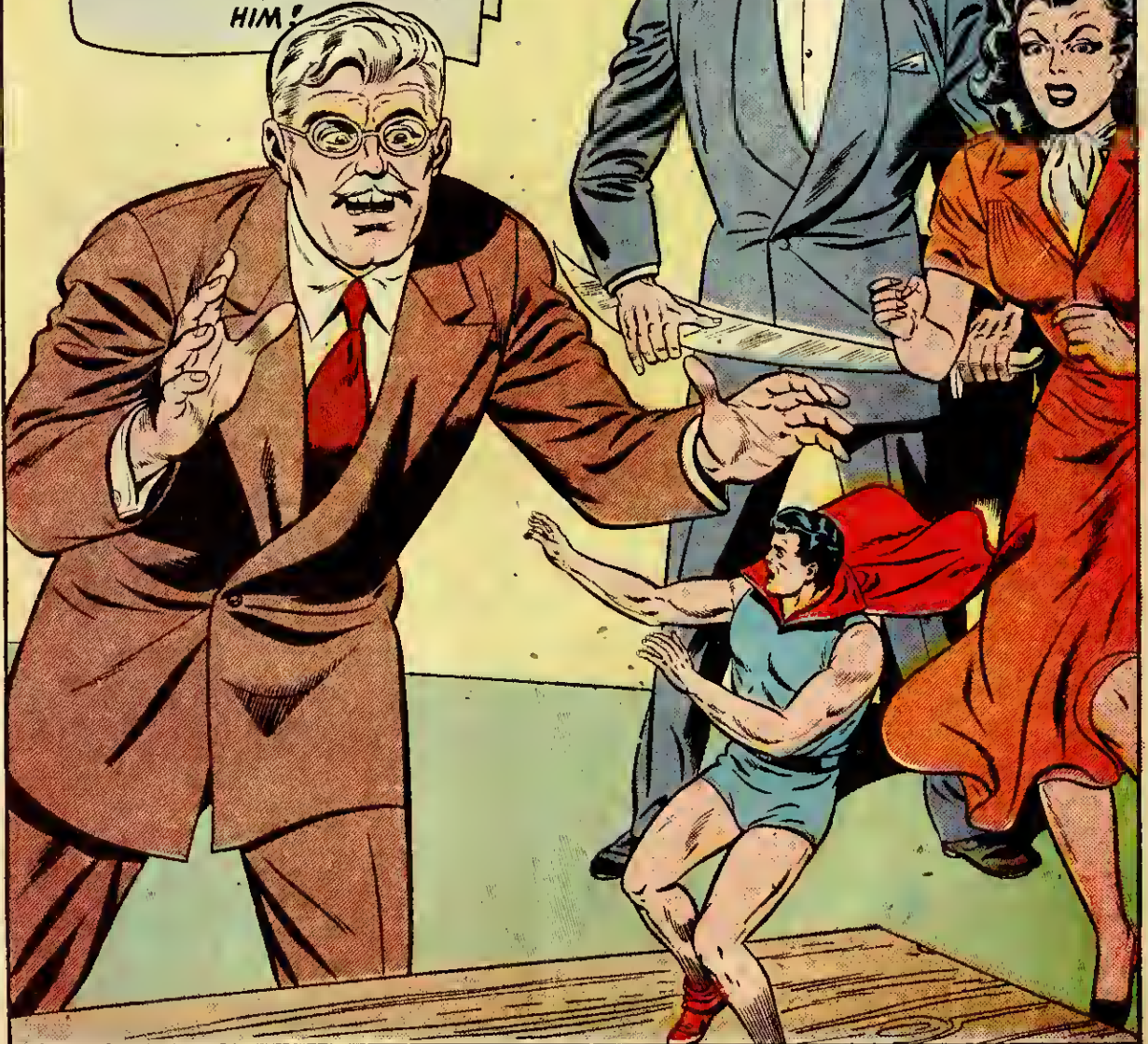
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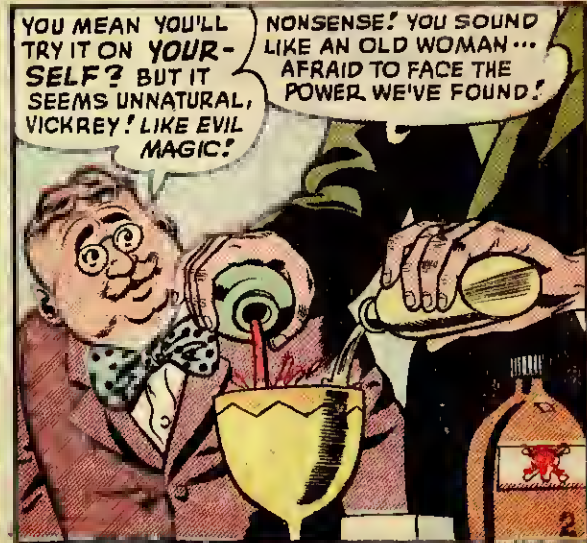
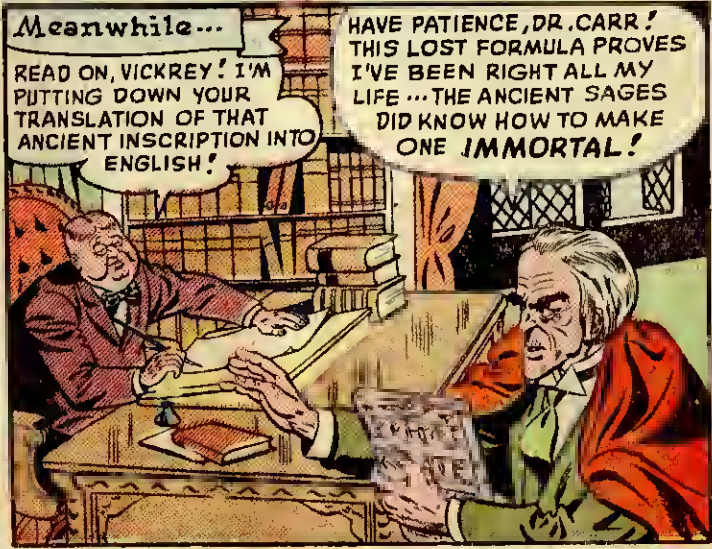
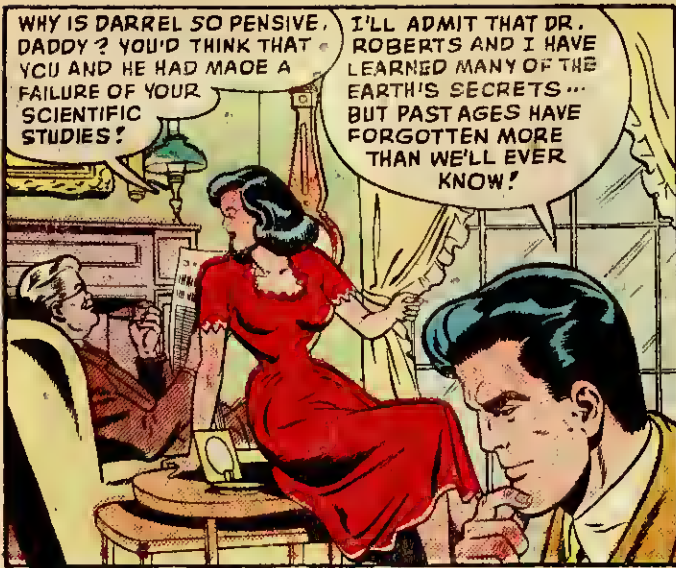
City and Zone

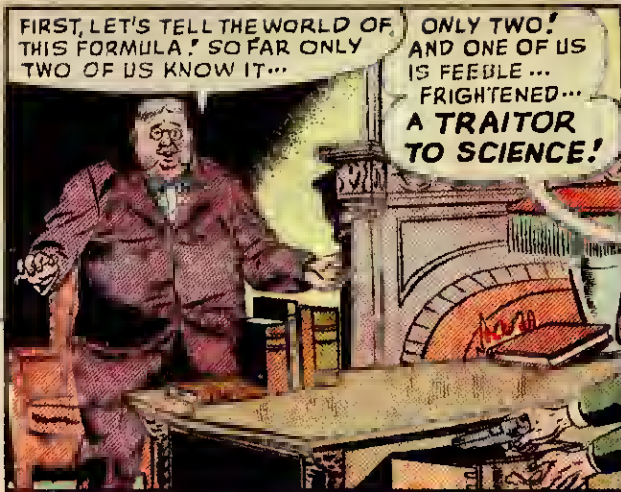
State

The Doll Man

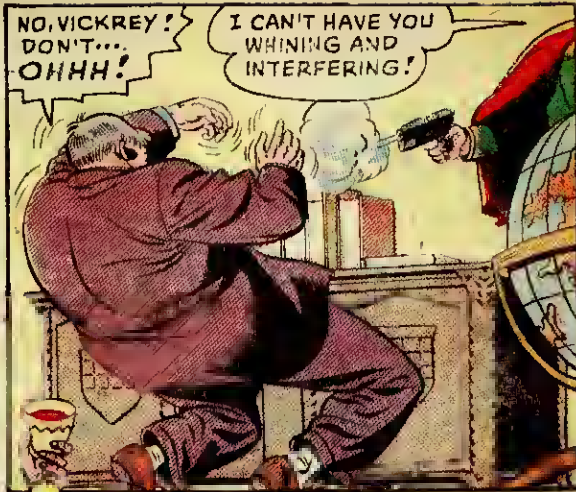
THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT THAT RESTORES YOUTH TO THE AGED... WHY WAS THIS POTION SO HARMFUL THAT THE DOLL MAN SOUGHT TO SPILL IT? HERE IS ONE OF HIS STRANGEST ADVENTURES IN SCIENCE... WHEN HE FINDS TWO OF HIS DEAREST FRIENDS FIGHTING AGAINST HIM!



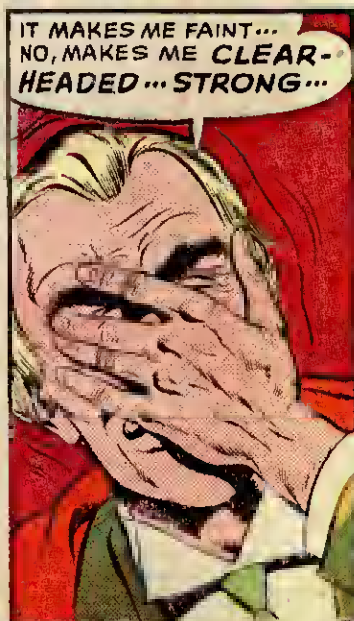
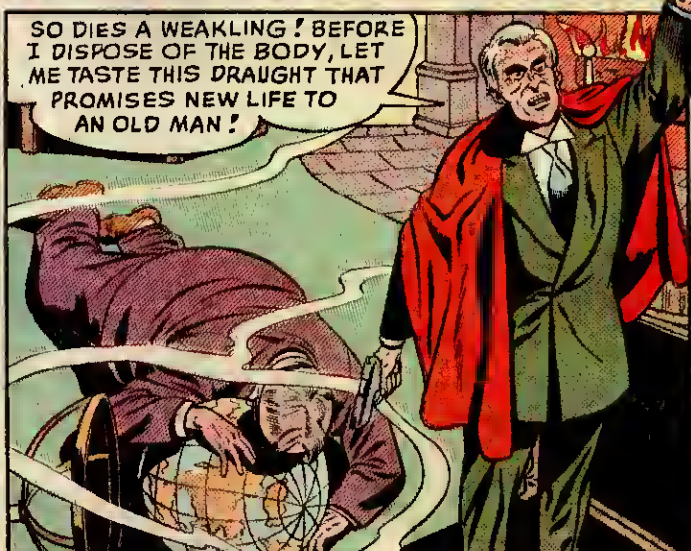


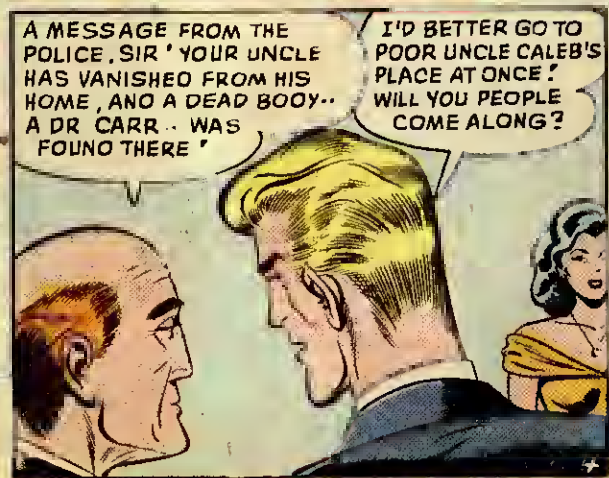


ONLY TWO!
AND ONE OF US
IS FEEBLE...
FRIGHTENED...
**A TRAITOR
TO SCIENCE!**



I CAN'T HAVE YOU
WHINING AND
INTERFERING!







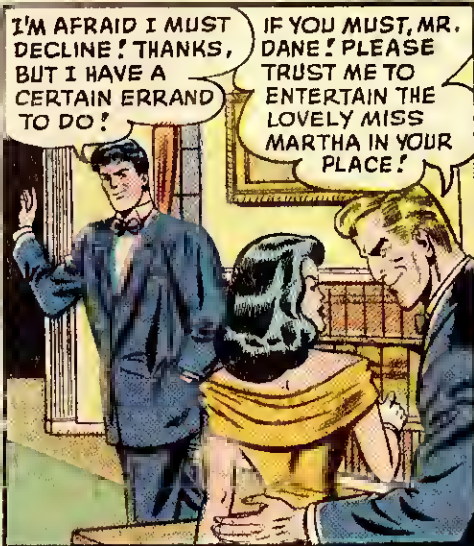
WE THINK THAT YOUR UNCLE KILLED DR. CARR AND RAN AWAY!

THEN YOUR DUTY IS TO CAPTURE MY UNCLE! IF HE'S GUILTY HE SHOULD PAY THE PENALTY!



MEANWHILE, AS NEXT OF KIN, I'LL TAKE OVER IN HIS HOUSE! WON'T YOU STAY FOR A WHILE, MY FRIENDS?

WELL, IF MY DAUGHTER STAYS, SO WILL I! AND DARRYL...



I'M AFRAID I MUST DECLINE! THANKS, BUT I HAVE A CERTAIN ERRAND TO DO!

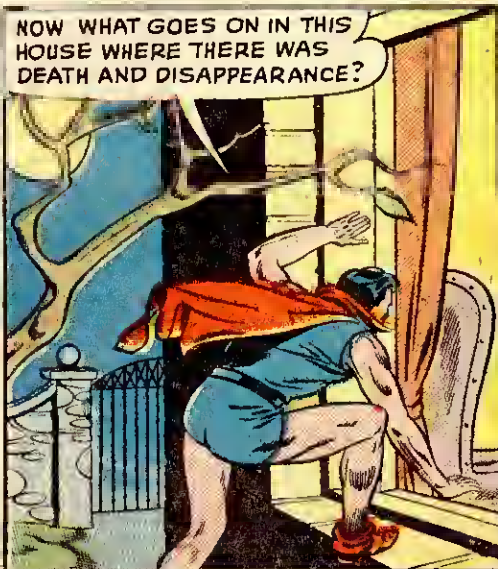
IF YOU MUST, MR. DANE! PLEASE TRUST ME TO ENTERTAIN THE LOVELY MISS MARTHA IN YOUR PLACE!



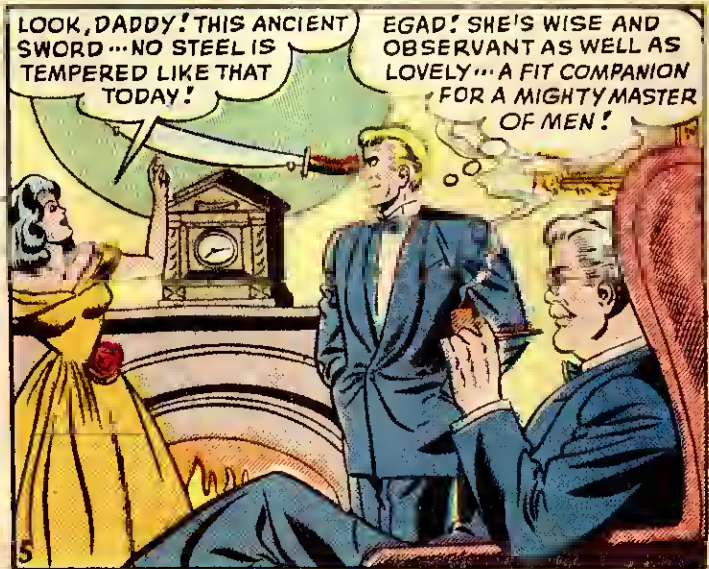
NOW I'M ALONE! I MUST CONCENTRATE MY WILL, WHICH MAKES ME ABLE TO...



...CONCENTRATE MY MOLECULES INTO NEW POWER AS **THE DOLL MAN!**

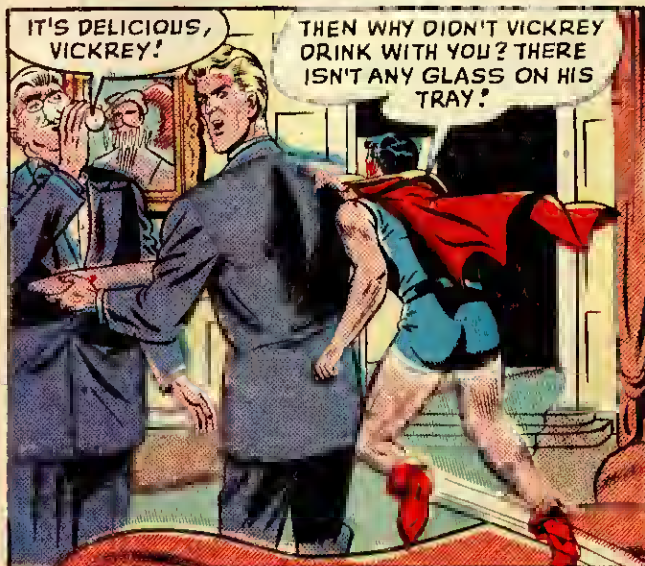
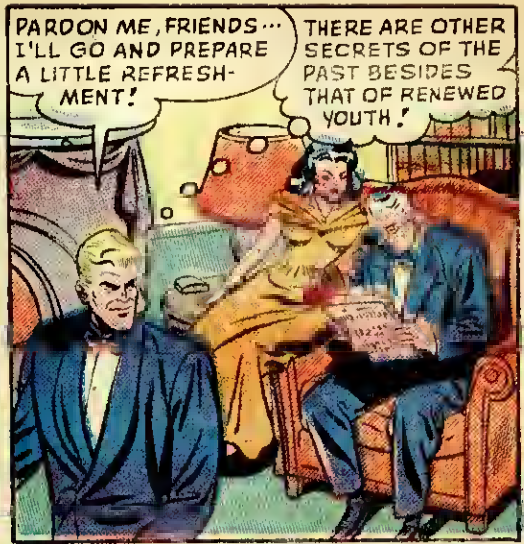
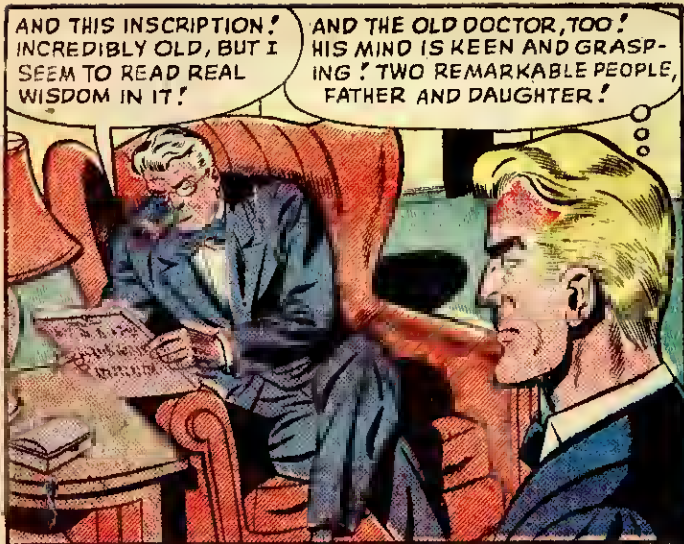


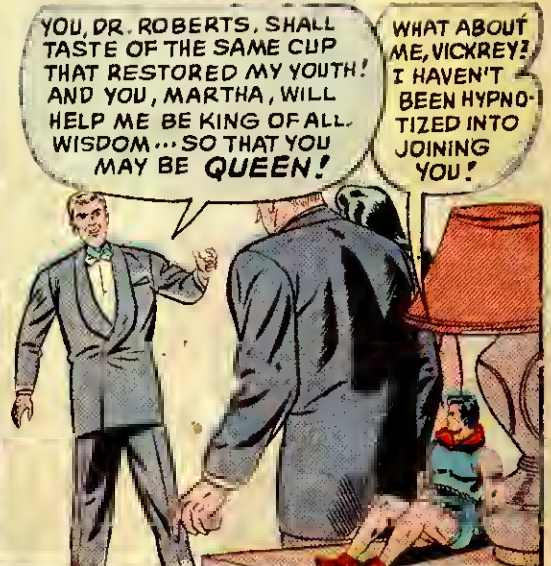
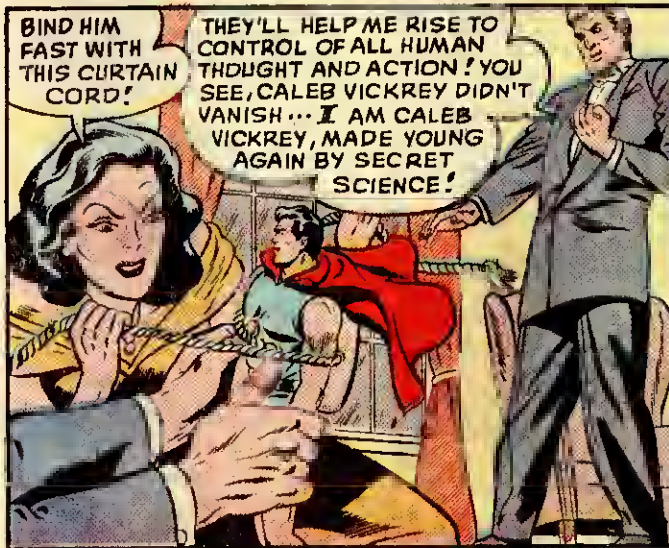
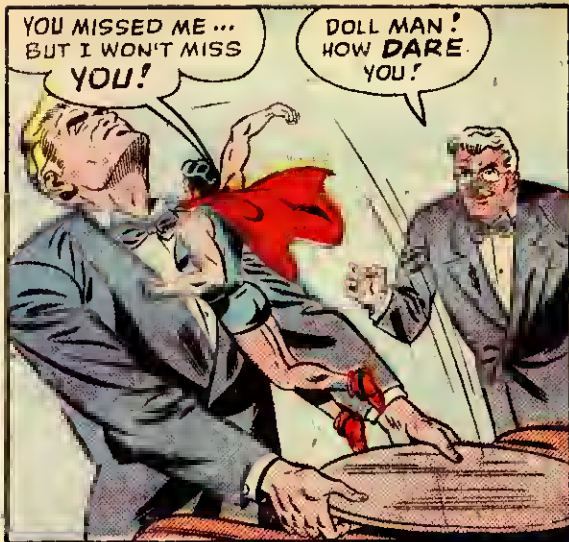
NOW WHAT GOES ON IN THIS HOUSE WHERE THERE WAS DEATH AND DISAPPEARANCE?

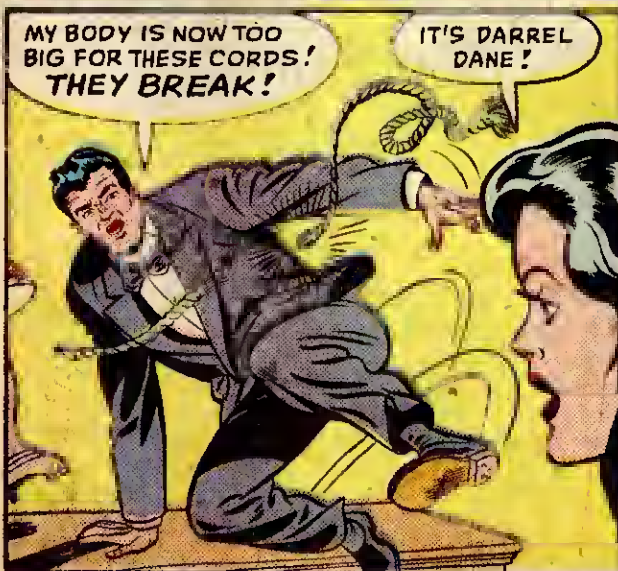
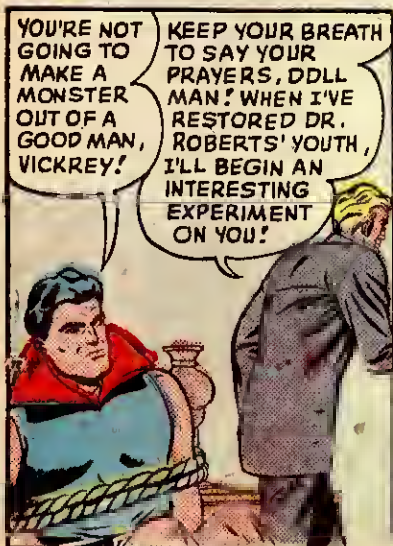
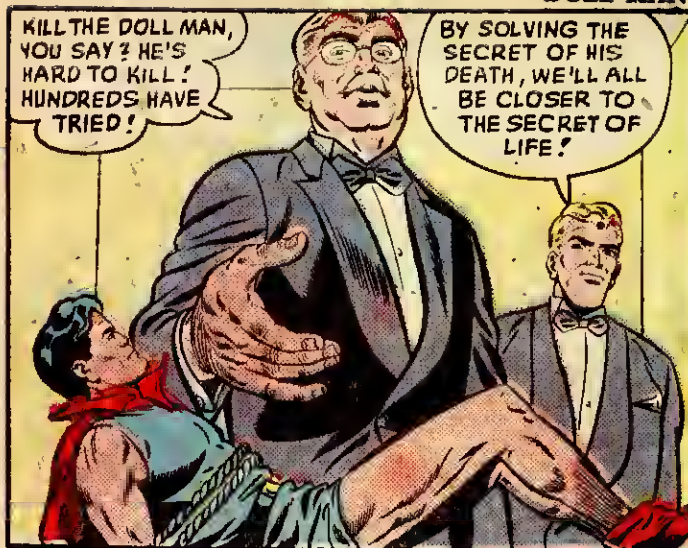


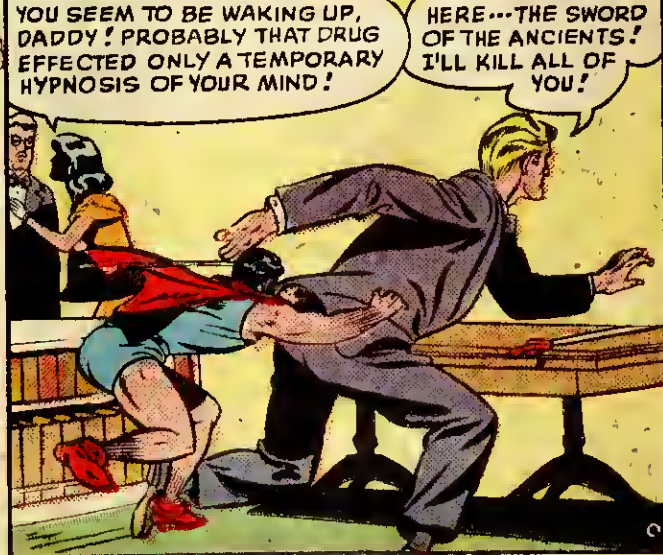
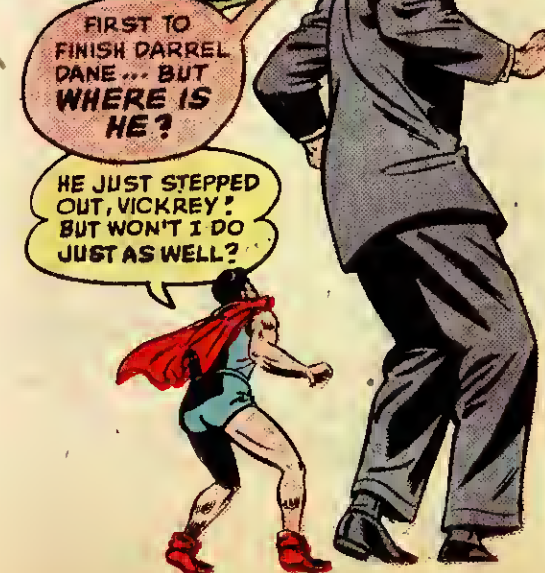
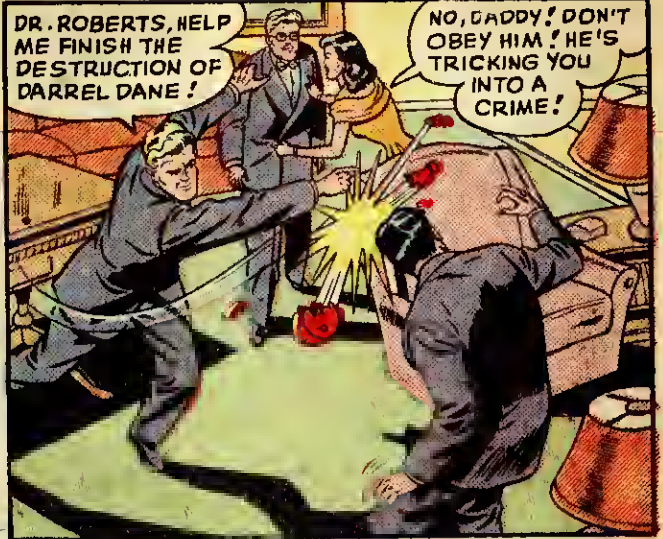
LOOK, DADDY! THIS ANCIENT SWORD... NO STEEL IS TEMPERED LIKE THAT TODAY!

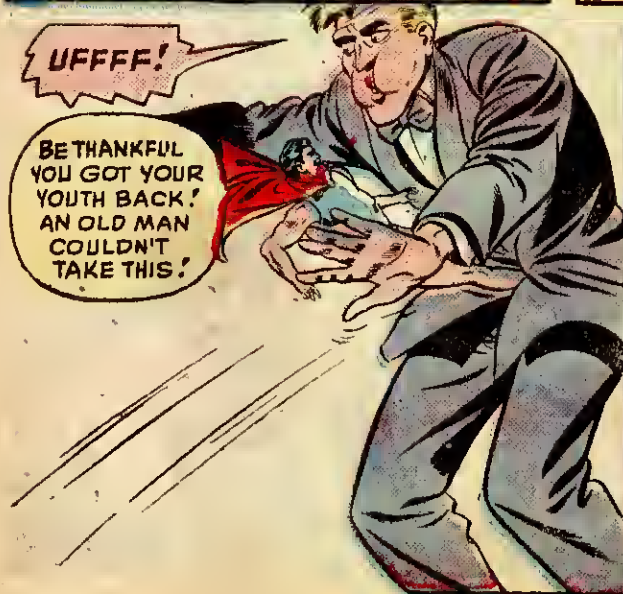
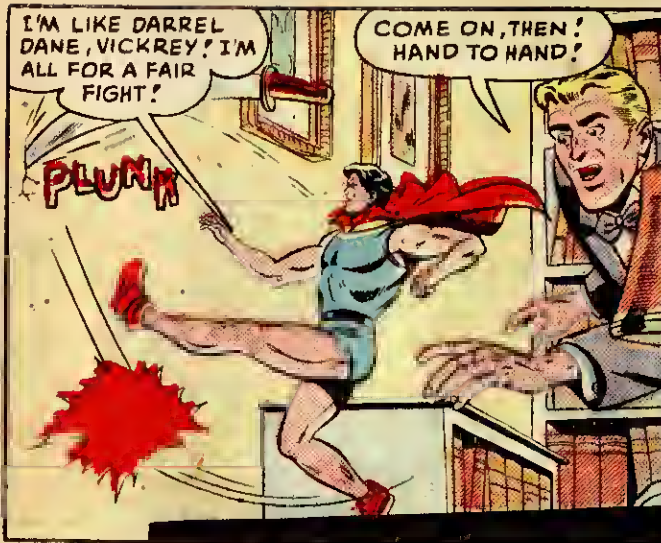
EGAD! SHE'S WISE AND OBSERVANT AS WELL AS LOVELY... A FIT COMPANION FOR A MIGHTY MASTER OF MEN!

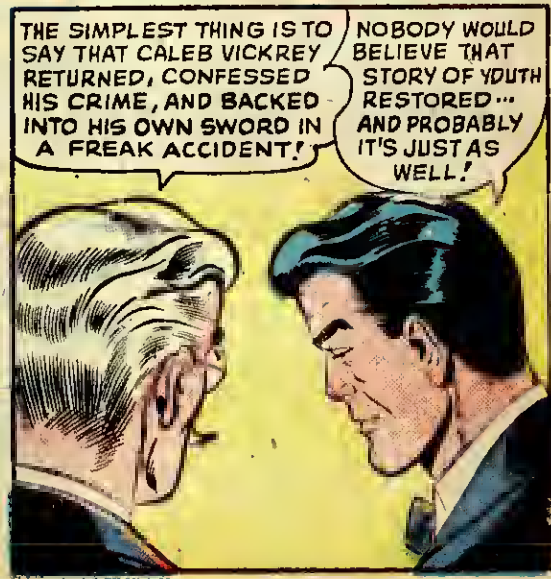
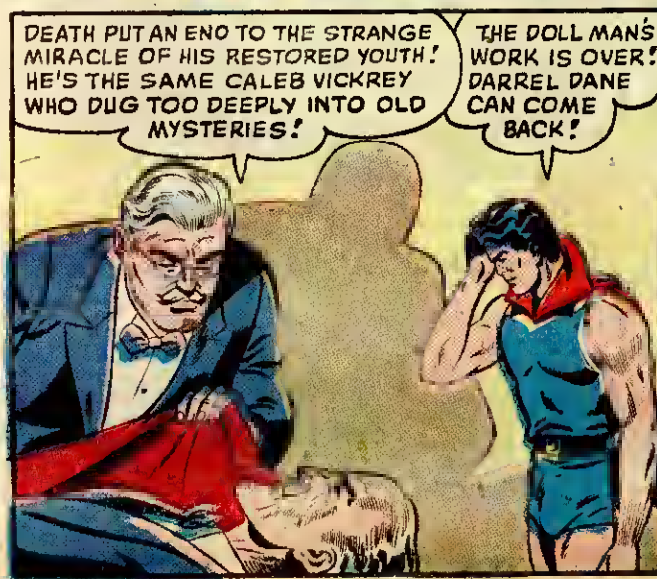
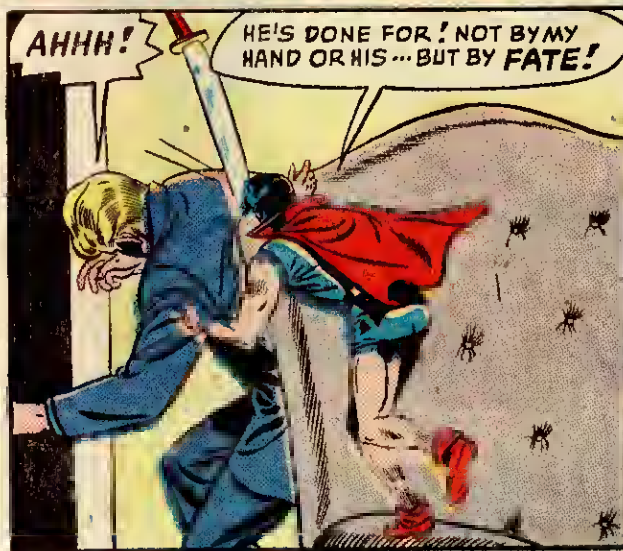




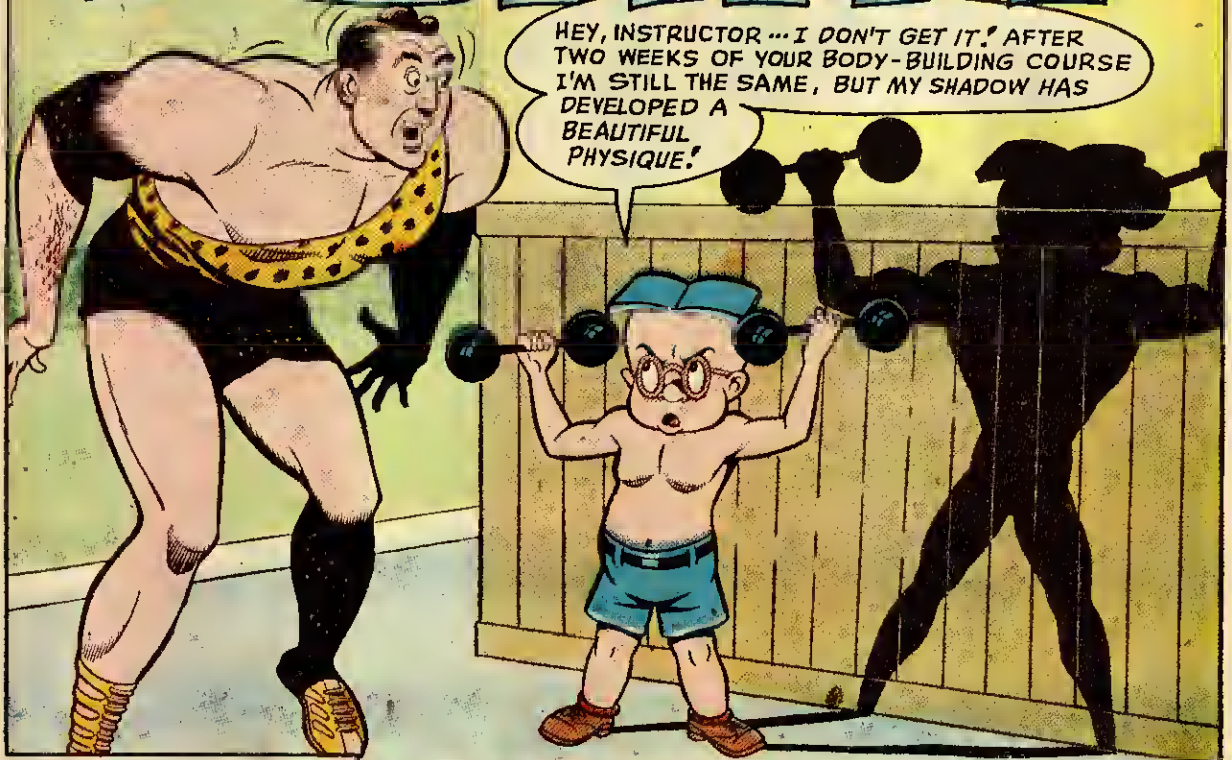






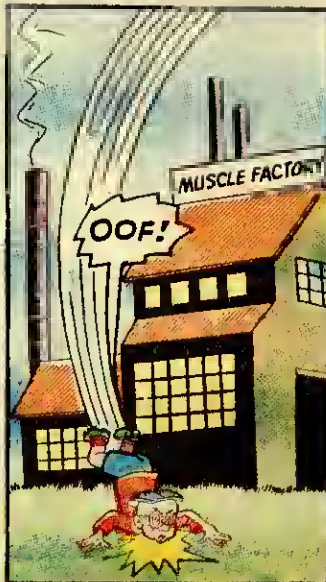


PERKY

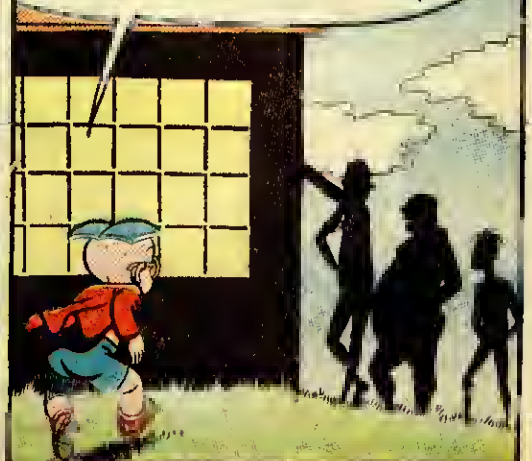


I HAVE A **STRONG** SUSPICION I'M GOING TO MEET SOME STRONG MEN DOWN THERE!

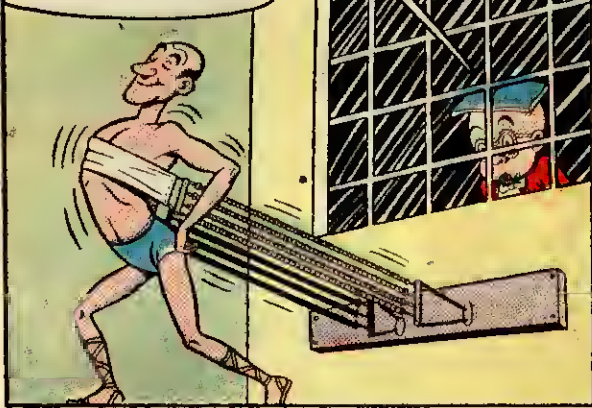
Perky, off again on a flight to a world of fantasy this time drops in on a land where muscle-bound men abound!



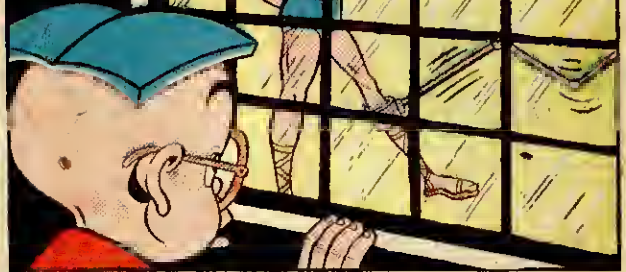
HMM... THOSE GUYS DON'T LOOK SO STRONG! I'LL TAKE A PEEK THROUGH THIS WINDOW AND SEE WHY THEY'RE LINED UP OUTSIDE THIS FACTORY!



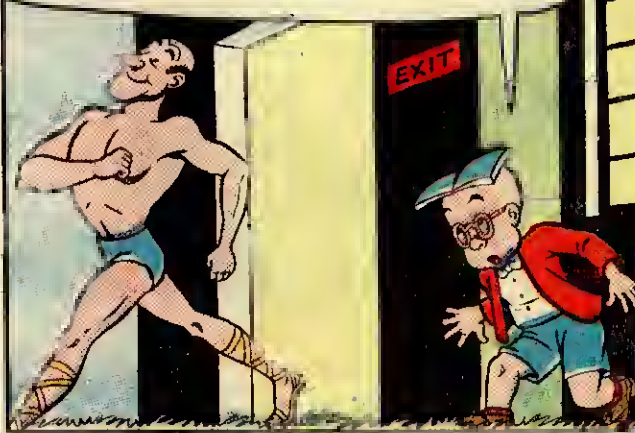
WELL, I'LL BE...! BODY-BUILDING EXERCISES ON A MASS-PRODUCTION SCALE! THAT LITTLE GUY IS HAVING HIS CHEST DEVELOPED!



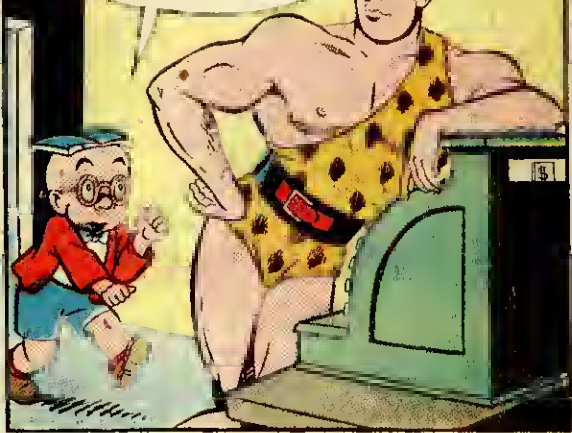
NOW HE'S HAVING HIS LEGS DEVELOPED... GOSH! HE'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A HERCULES!



GEE! THE FINISHED PRODUCT LOOKS LIKE THE WINNER OF A MR. AMERICA CONTEST! I'M GOING IN AND TALK TO THE FACTORY MANAGER TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS!

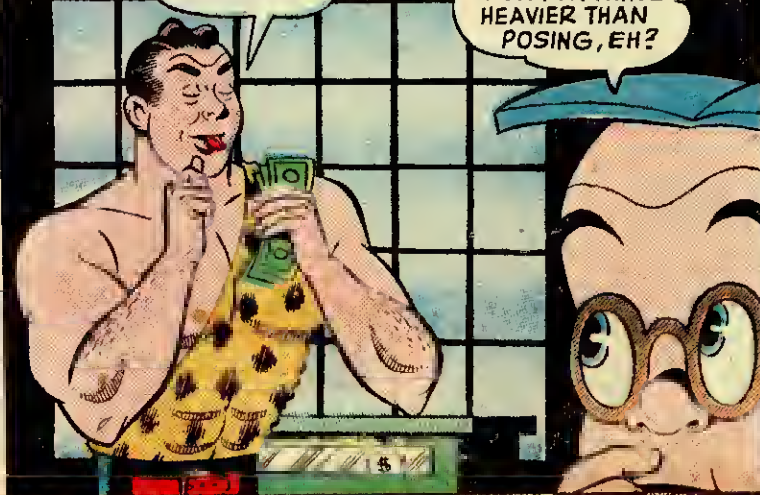


HI, MISTER! WHAT DO ALL THESE FELLOWS DO WITH THE MUSCLES YOU GIVE 'EM?



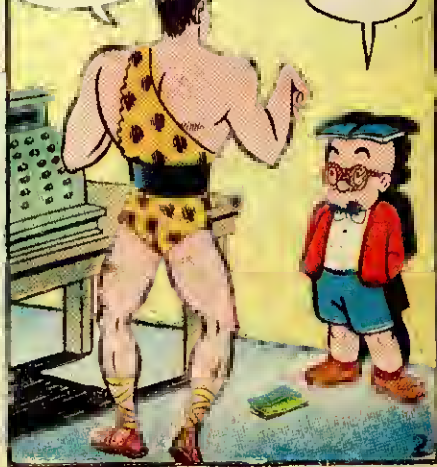
OH, THEY POSE FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS, ARTISTS, AND JUST LOOK MANLY IN GENERAL!

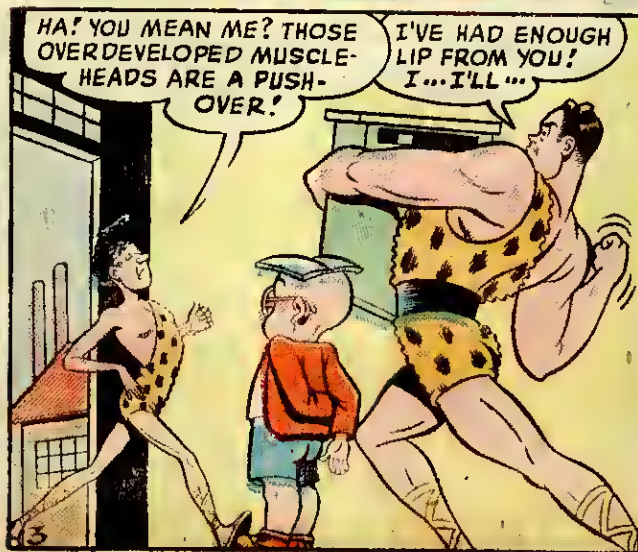
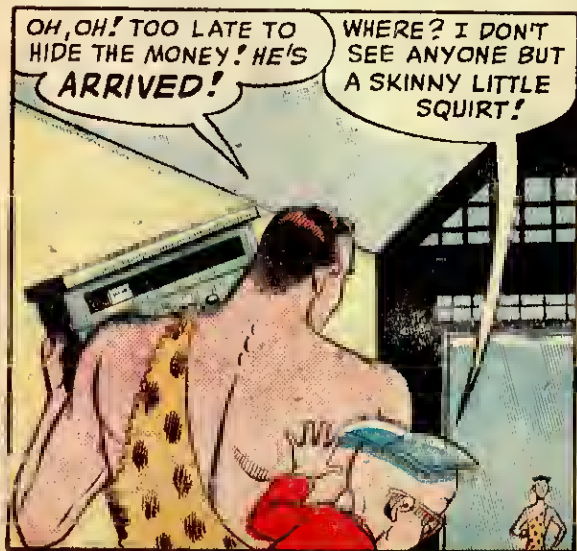
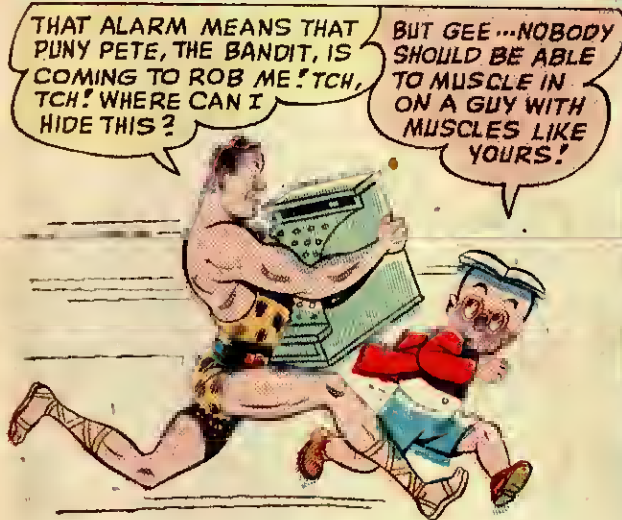
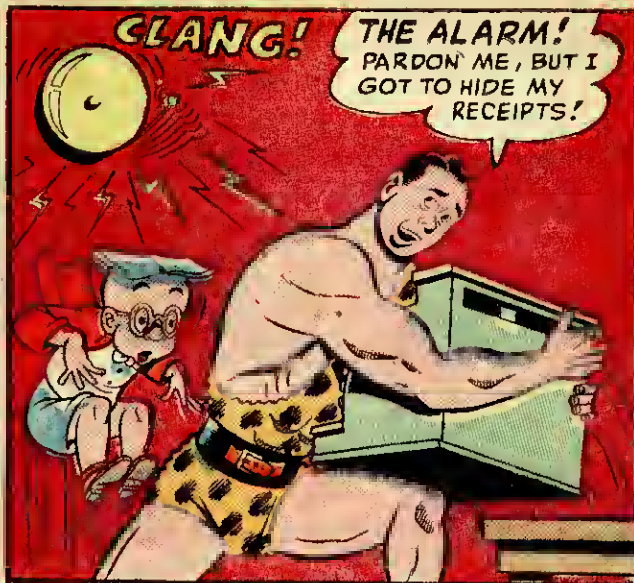
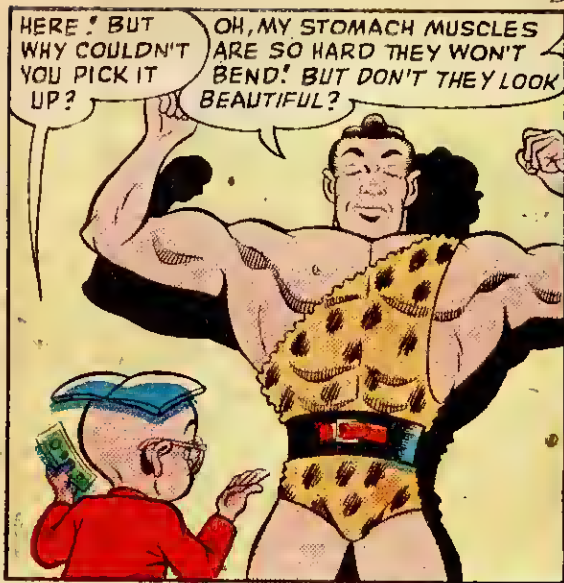
HMM... THEY DON'T USE THE MUSCLES FOR ANYTHING HEAVIER THAN POSING, EH?

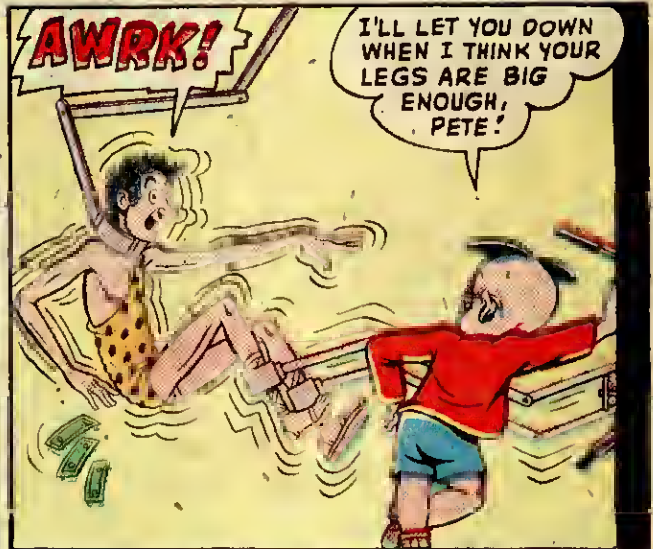
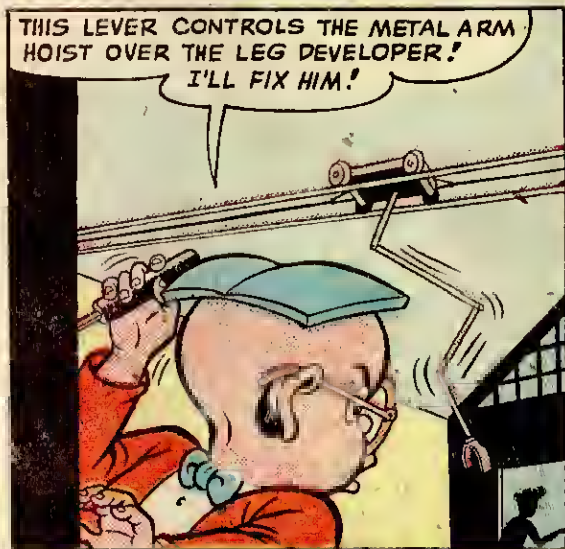
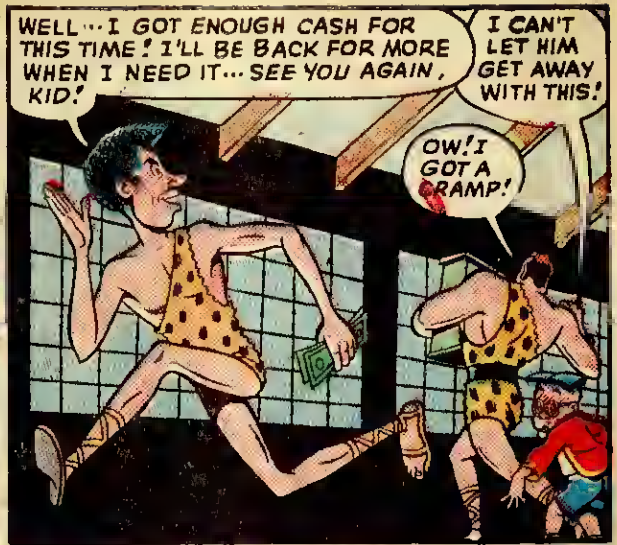
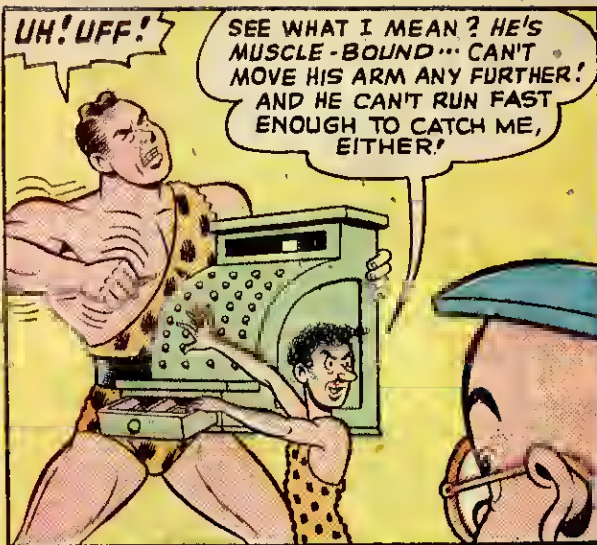


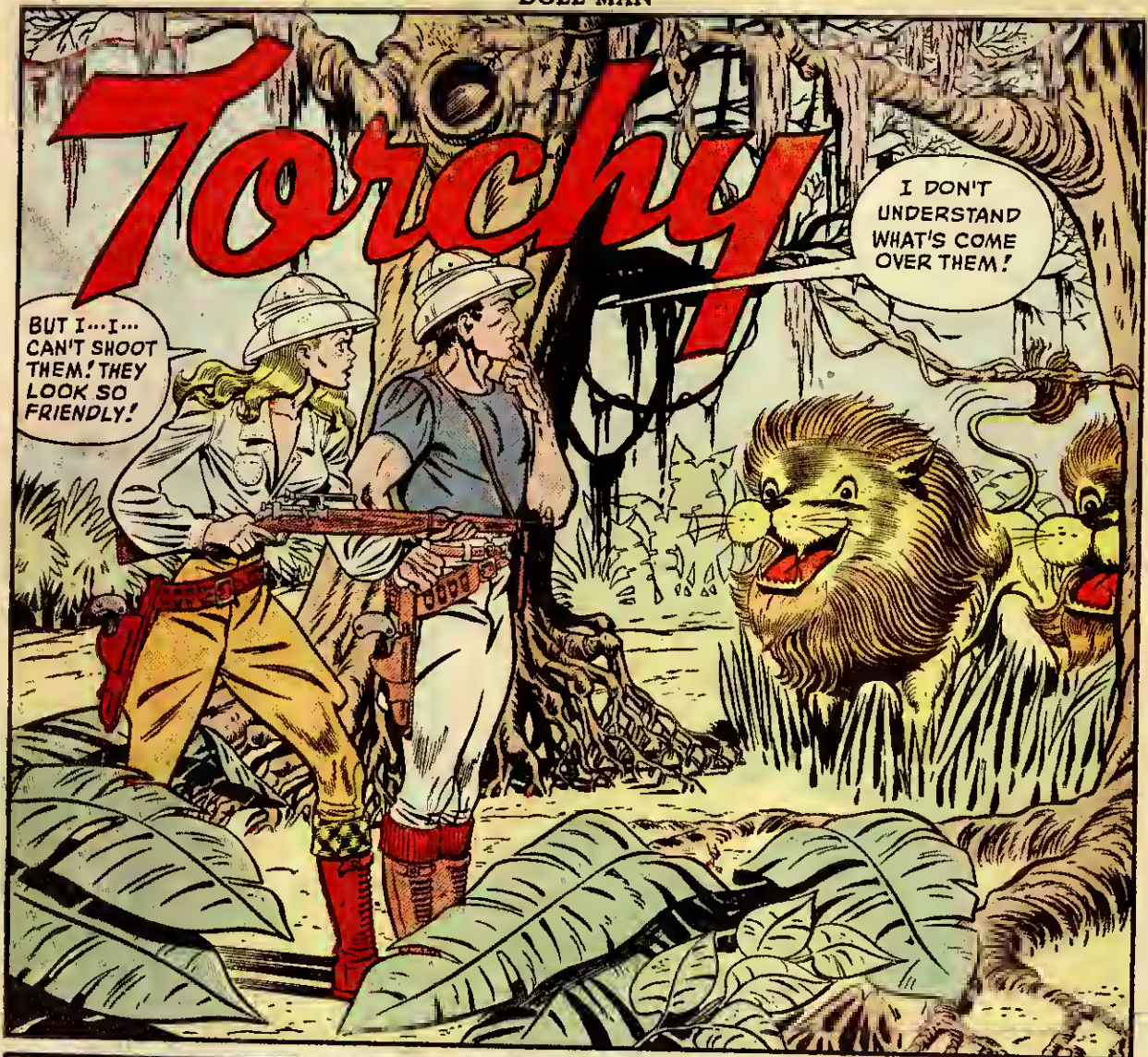
OOPS! I DROPPED A DOLLAR BILL... WILL YOU PICK IT UP FOR ME?

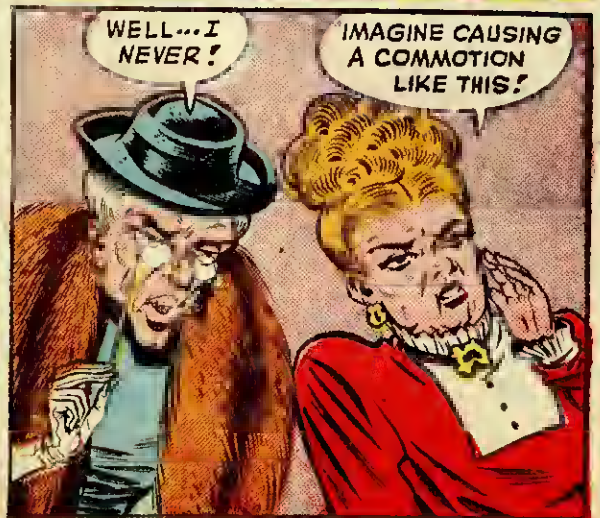
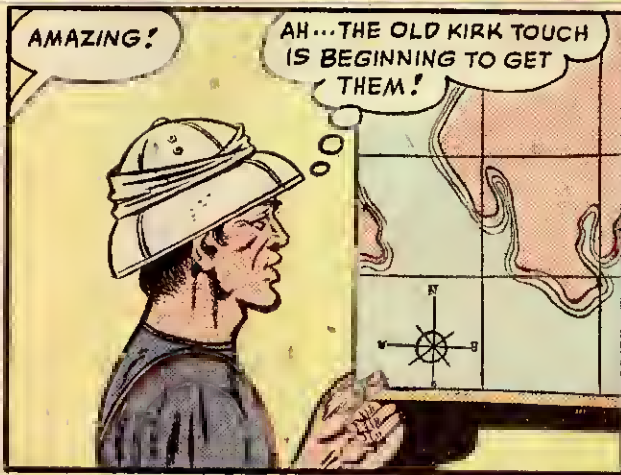
SURE!

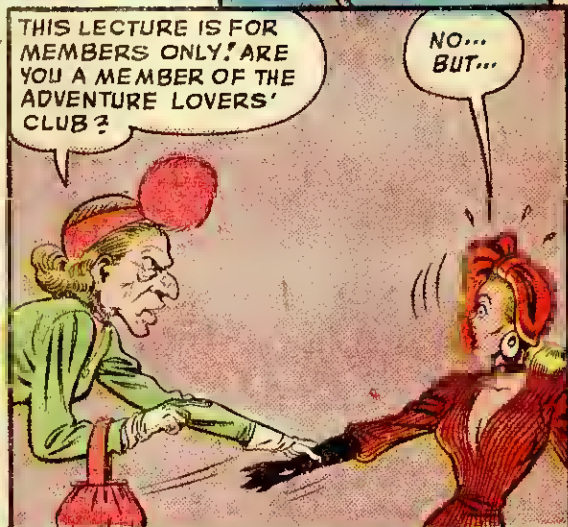
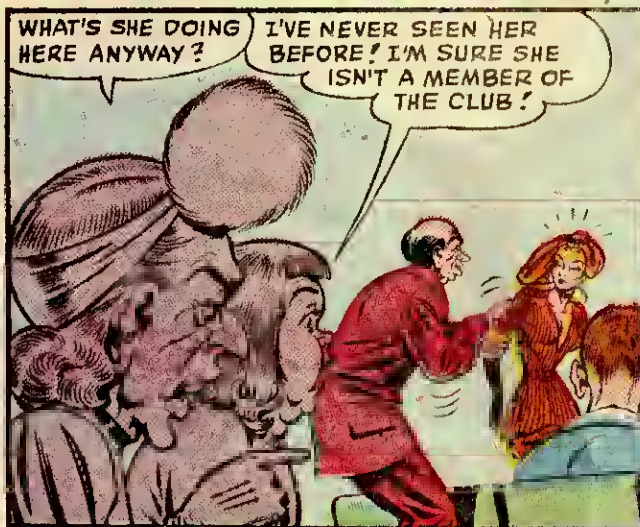
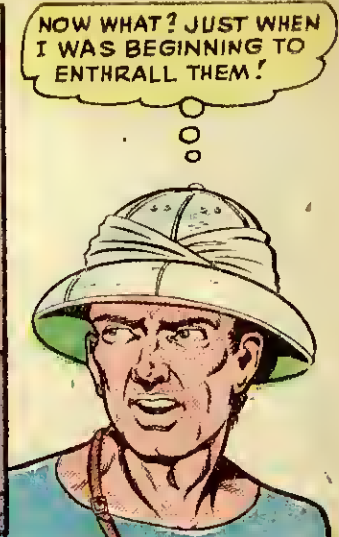
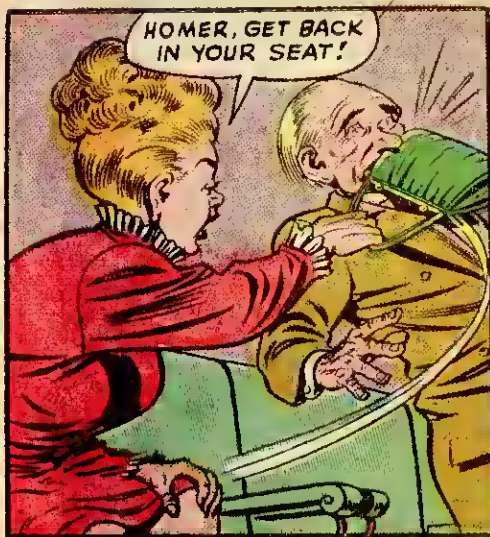


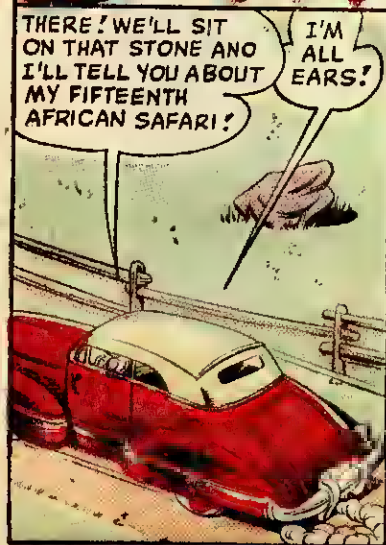
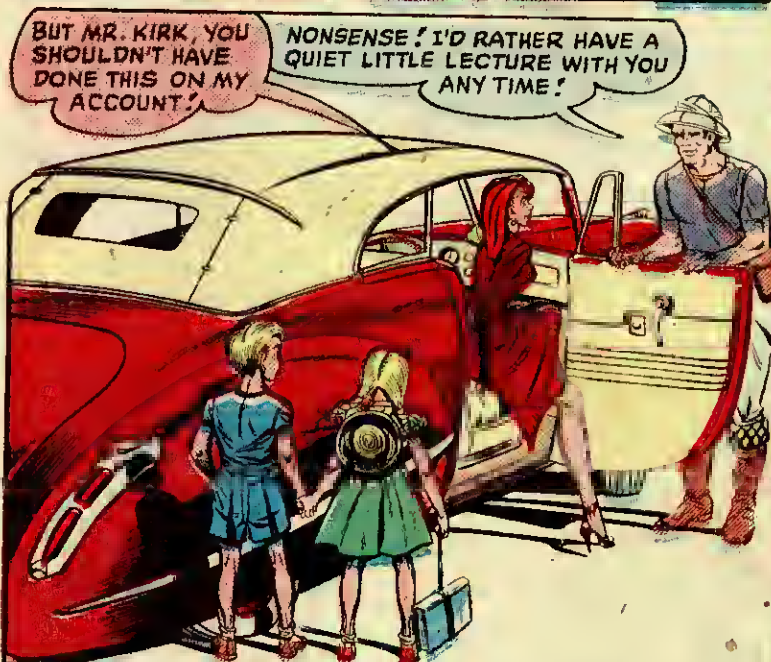
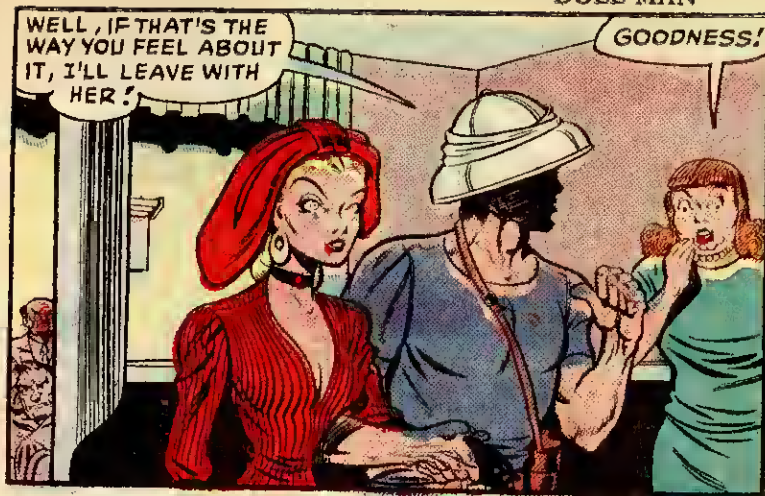


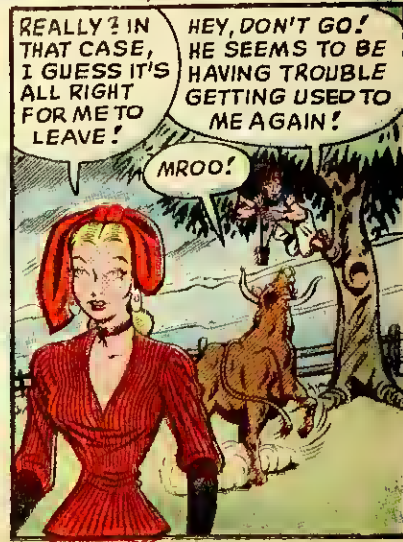
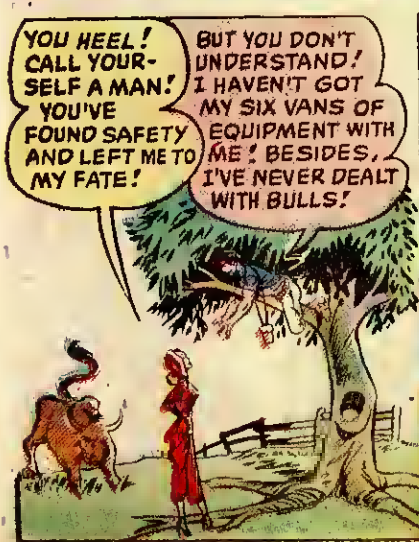
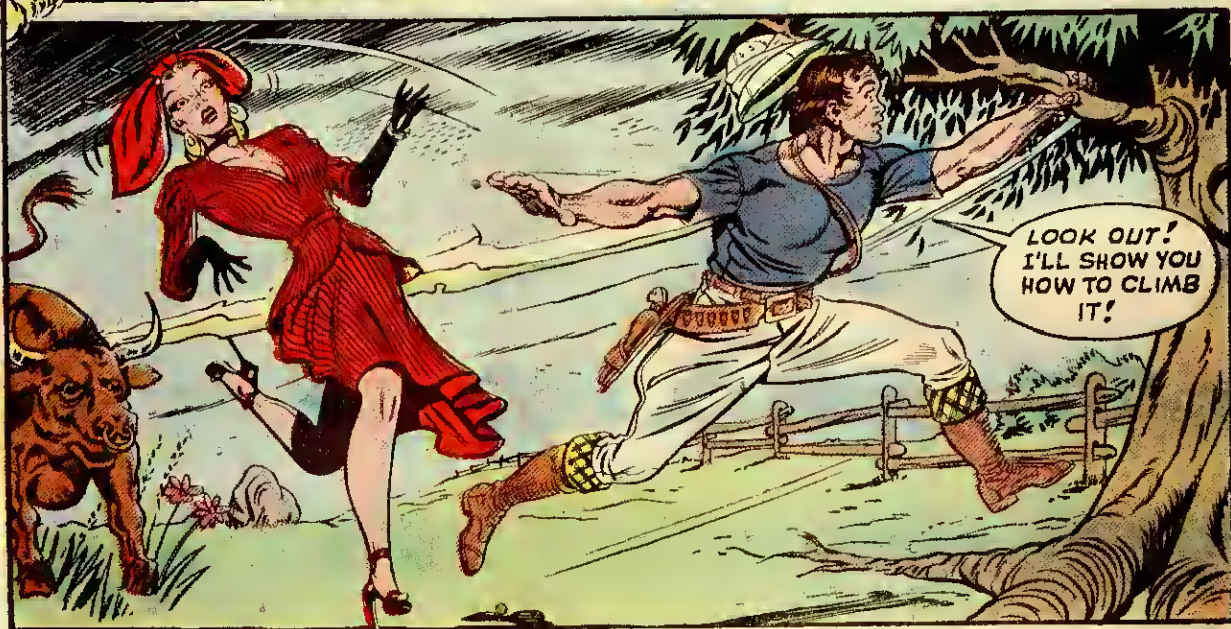
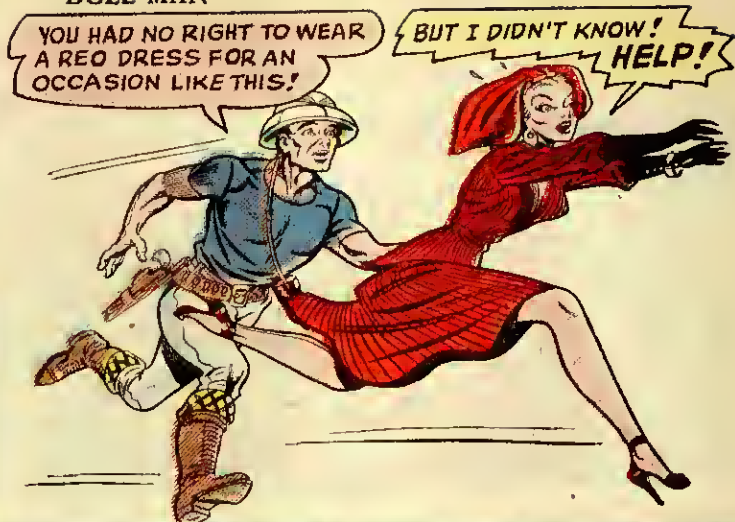












Reflection of FATE

IF Darrel Dane had not been buying a compact for Martha Roberts' birthday, the daring theft might have gone unnoticed. He had picked up one in the jewelry shop and was holding it to the light, studying its rich golden sheen, when he saw the reflection of movement behind him.

A well-dressed man had been looking at diamonds when Darrel entered, keeping the one clerk busy. Now, as if in a mirror, Darrel saw the reflection of the clerk turning away for a moment and the stranger's hands moving swiftly, plucking fabulous diamonds from the display, replacing them with what must be worthless imitations.

As Darrel whirled, the stranger was saying, "I can't make up my mind right now. I'll come back tomorrow and pick out a stone."

"Just a moment," Darrel said sharply. "That man is a thief, clerk. He replaced genuine diamonds with cheap paste when your back was turned."

The clerk goggled at Darrel, then down at the tray. "Why, so he did, sir. These are poor imitations of the real stones."

Instantly the suave stranger's face hardened into rage. His hand whipped a gun from inside his coat. "All right, wise guy. I'd hoped to make this quick and quiet. If you want it the hard way, it's okay. Come in, boys."

Two grinning men walked in, drawing guns. The leader nodded. "Lock the door and guard it." He turned to Darrel and the trembling clerk. "You two—get in that closet and keep still."

The two were shoved roughly into a small supply closet and the door slammed and locked. Through the small transom above they could hear the bandits swiftly looting all the showcases. The Doll Man could get out that narrow transom and halt the robbery. But how could Darrel Dane become the Doll Man before the jittery clerk without giving away his precious secret?

His swift glance took in the shadowy outline of heavy ledgers piled on a shelf overhead. The clerk was trying to peer out the keyhole. In a flash Darrel caught the ponderous books and brought them crashing down on the clerk's head. At the same moment his fist cracked out at the

angle of the man's jaw. A moment later Darrel was easing the limp figure to the floor.

"Sorry," Darrel whispered, "but you need the sleep and I need the freedom."

With a tremendous effort of will Darrel made the transformation, compressing the molecules of his husky body into the mighty, eighteen-inch figure of the Doll Man. A moment later he was climbing through the narrow transom, unnoticed by the busy thieves.

"I'll take this string of emeralds," the leader was saying, "and we'll clear out." He broke off with a yell of alarm as a tiny figure, hurtling down from overhead, smashed hard heels into the back of his neck. "It's the Doll Man! Do something, you idiots!"

Like a flash, the Doll Man's tiny but terrible fists lashed out. The leader stumbled backward, his eyes rolling wildly, his jaw peppered with the, tiny red marks of impact from those fists.

"I'll get him, boss," one of the thugs yelled, then hurled a plaster statue from a counter display. The Doll Man skipped nimbly aside and the heavy object knocked the last thread of consciousness from the sagging leader.

But the second thug, moving stealthily, had crept around the counter. Suddenly he burst up and made a fierce leap at the Doll Man, swinging a ponderous chair. There was no time for the Doll Man to jump clear. There was only time for one swift move and he used that to sweep a tray of cheap imitation pearls from the showcase.

The pearls cascaded down under the thug's feet as he swung. His feet flew from under him and he came down on his face with a thud that jarred the room. In the same moment, the Doll Man shot up, caught a crystal chandelier, swung and used the momentum of that swing to land on the shoulder of the third crook. His fists lashed out like tiny hammers and the battle was all over. The three would-be robbers were out cold, their loot scattered but safe.

A moment later, his body swelled again to that of Darrel Dane, the Doll Man had vanished. He grinned as he unlocked the closet door. "Now comes the tough job—convincing that clerk that my knocking him cold was an accident."



FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE THEIR MEMBERS CAME, AND THEY HAD ONLY ONE THING IN COMMON: THE FACT THAT EACH OF THEM ONCE CHEATED DEATH! WITH GRIM HUMOR THEY CALLED THEMSELVES THE SOCIETY OF SURVIVORS! BUT THEN **THE UNDERTAKER**, MOURNFUL MASTER OF MORBID MISDEEDS, DECIDED TO REPAIR DEATH'S OMISSIONS!

ONLY THE **DOLL MAN**, MIGHTY MITE OF CRIME-BUSTING, COULD STOP THE UNDERTAKER AND SAVE THE LIVES OF THE MEN WHO LIVED ON BORROWED TIME!

DOLL MAN

IN THE LAIR OF CRIME'S MOURNFUL MINISTER,
THE UNDERTAKER...

A SOCIETY OF SURVIVORS! HOW VERY INTERESTING! IT AMAZES ME THAT MEN CAN FLAUNT THEIR SUCCESS IN AN ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE COOKING UP ANOTHER SCHEME, UNDERTAKER!

PERHAPS I AM! THIS SOCIETY IS COMPOSED OF MEN WHO ESCAPED FROM SITUATIONS WHERE THEY HAD EVERY RIGHT TO EXPECT DEATH! HMM! I DO BELIEVE THAT GIVES ME A WONDERFULLY MACABRE IDEA!

LATER, AT A MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF SURVIVORS...

YOUR APPLICATIONS HAVE ALL BEEN ACCEPTED, GENTLEMEN! THE BOARD HAS CAREFULLY CHECKED YOUR STORIES AND FOUND THAT THEY QUALIFY YOU FOR MEMBERSHIP!

YOU, CAPTAIN HICKS, ARE ELIGIBLE BECAUSE OF YOUR FEAT OF DRIFTING THIRTY-ONE DAYS ALONE IN A RUBBER RAFT AFTER BEING THE SOLE SURVIVOR IN THE WRECK OF YOUR SHIP!

GRAHAM LASOON, YOU SURVIVED A FALL INTO DEADLY QUICKSAND DURING YOUR RECENT EXPLORATION OF THE GUIANA JUNGLES! AND JOHN EMERY, YOU FELL 14,000 FEET BEFORE YOUR PARACHUTE OPENED AT THE LAST MOMENT. THOSE FEATS CERTAINLY MAKE YOU ONE OF US!

WH... WHAT'S THAT?

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S SOME KIND OF WARNING!

I'VE HEARD OF THE UNDERTAKER! I BELIEVE WE SHOULD NOTIFY THE POLICE AT ONCE!

ALL OF YOU SURVIVED ONE Joust WITH DEATH! AS HIS AGENT, IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE THAT YOU DO NOT SURVIVE ANOTHER... the Undertaker

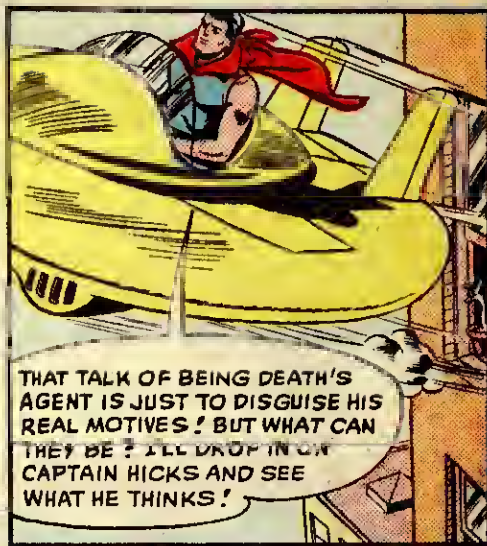
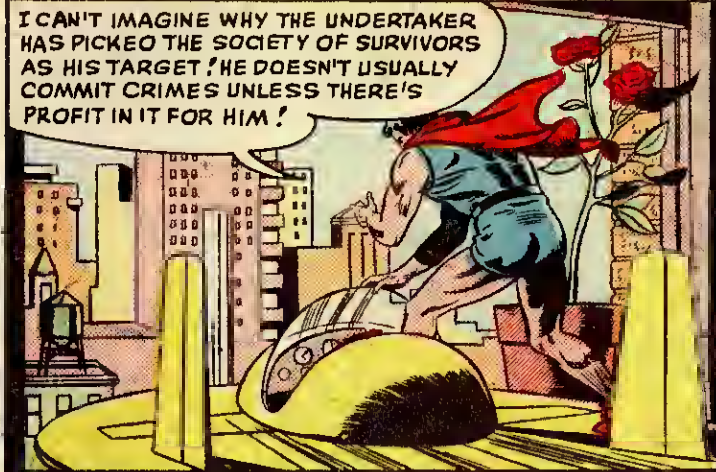
And IN THE APARTMENT OF DARREL DANE, ALIAS THE DOLL MAN...

SO MY OLD ENEMY, THE UNDERTAKER, IS ON THE PROWL AGAIN! SOMEONE'S GOT TO STOP HIM... AND I GUESS THAT CALLS FOR THE DOLL MAN!

UNDERTAKER SENDS NEW DEATH WARNING!

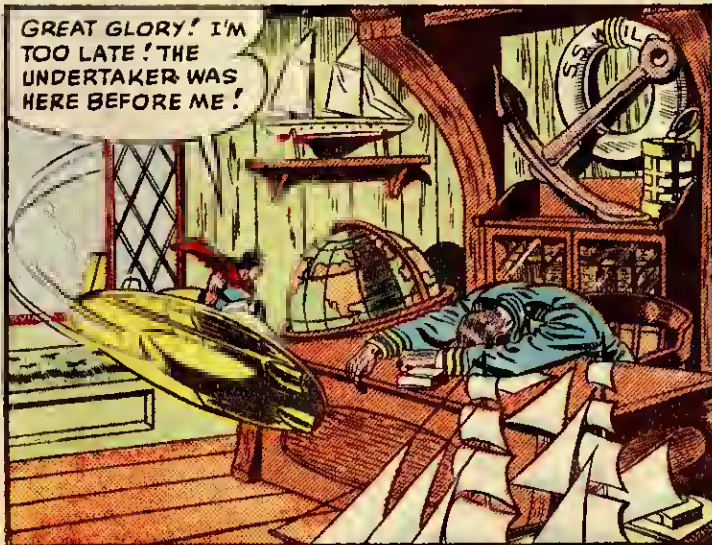
AN EFFORT OF WILL CONDENSES THE MOLECULES OF DARREL DANE'S BODY INTO THE COMPACT DYNAMIC DOLL MAN!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY THE UNDERTAKER HAS PICKED THE SOCIETY OF SURVIVORS AS HIS TARGET. HE DOESN'T USUALLY COMMIT CRIMES UNLESS THERE'S PROFIT IN IT FOR HIM!

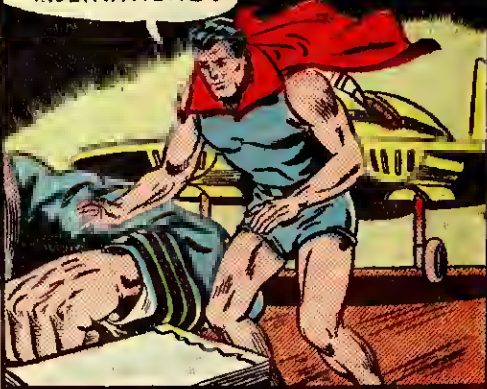


THAT TALK OF BEING DEATH'S AGENT IS JUST TO DISGUISE HIS REAL MOTIVES! BUT WHAT CAN THEY BE? I'LL DROP IN ON CAPTAIN HICKS AND SEE WHAT HE THINKS!

GREAT GLORY! I'M TOO LATE! THE UNDERTAKER WAS HERE BEFORE ME!



HICKS HAS BEEN MURDERED! HE WAS WRITING SOMETHING ON THIS PAD WHEN HE WAS SHOT! THE UNDERTAKER MUST HAVE RIPPED OFF THE TOP SHEET, BUT I CAN STILL SEE THE PENCIL INDENTATIONS!

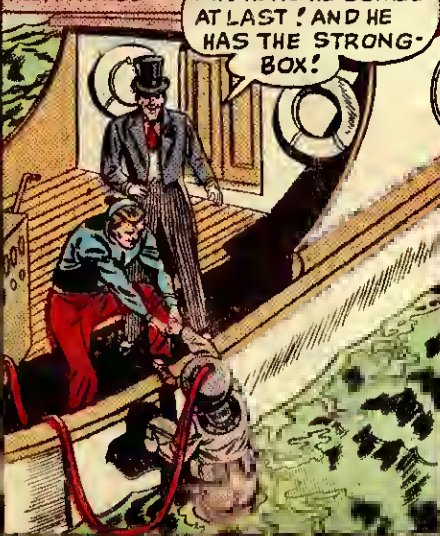


SHADING THE PAPER WITH ORDINARY LEAD GRAPHITE WILL BRING OUT THE MARKINGS! OH-OH! SO THAT'S THE ANSWER! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THE UNDERTAKER'S GAME! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO STOP HIM!



MEANWHILE...

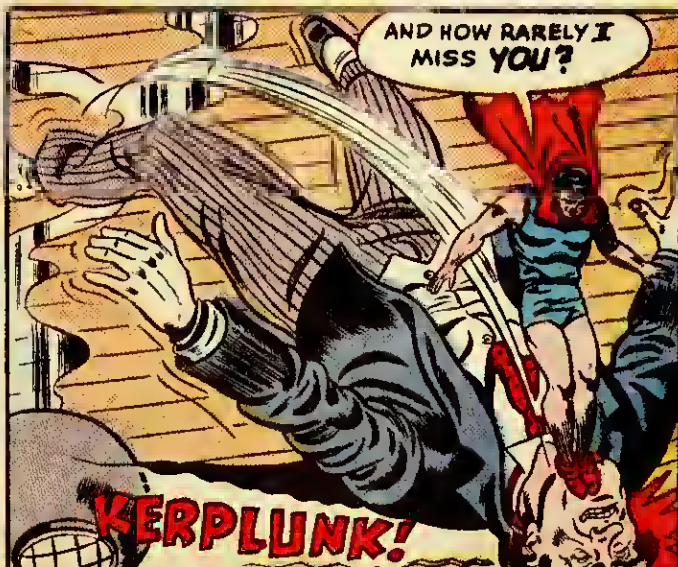
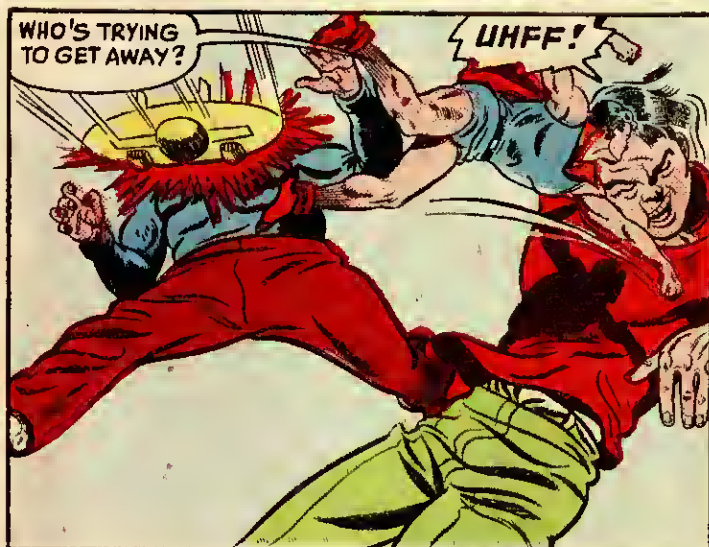
AH! HERE HE COMES AT LAST! AND HE HAS THE STRONG-BOX!

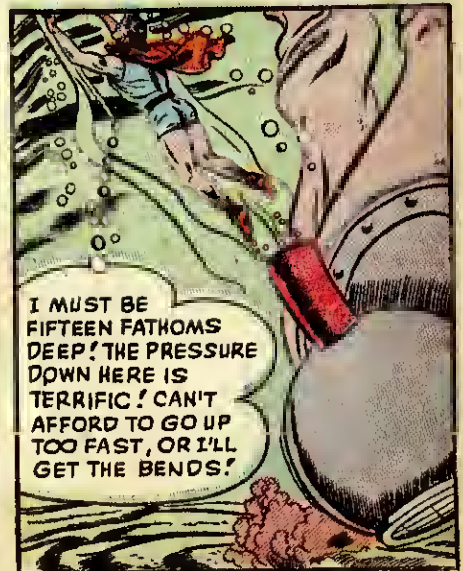
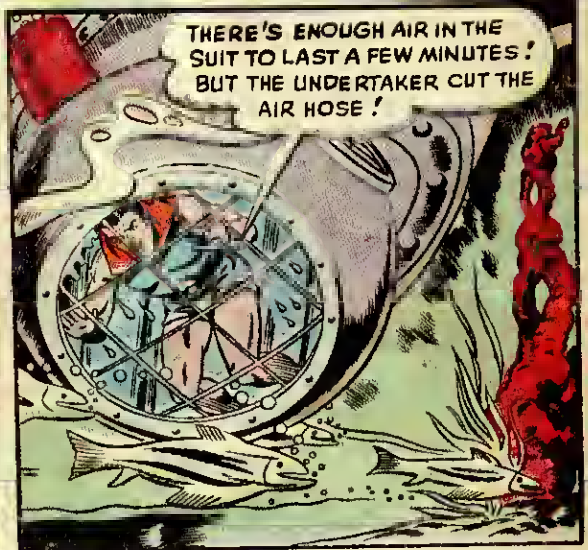
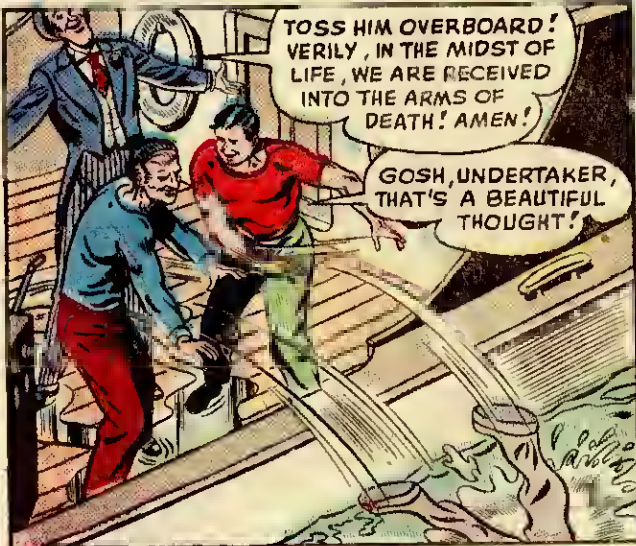
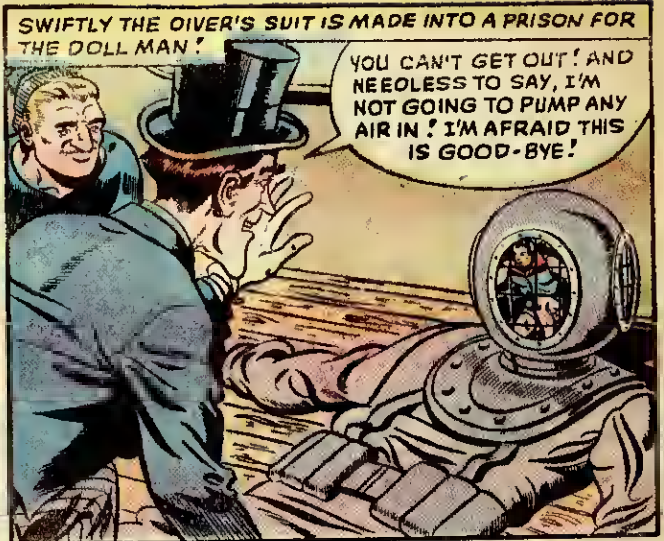


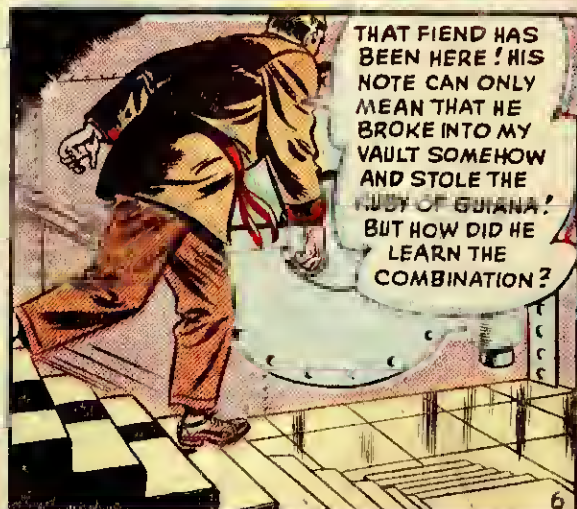
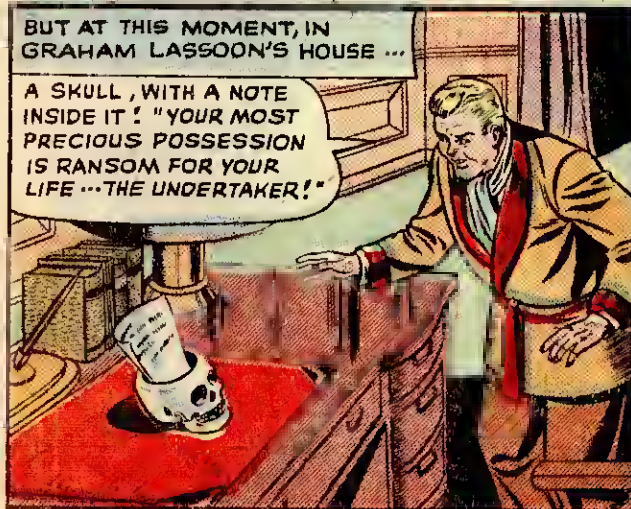
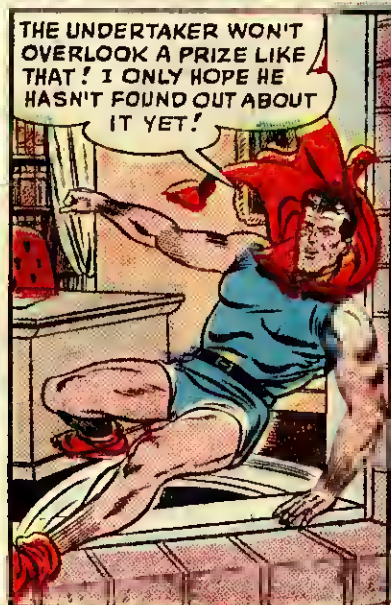
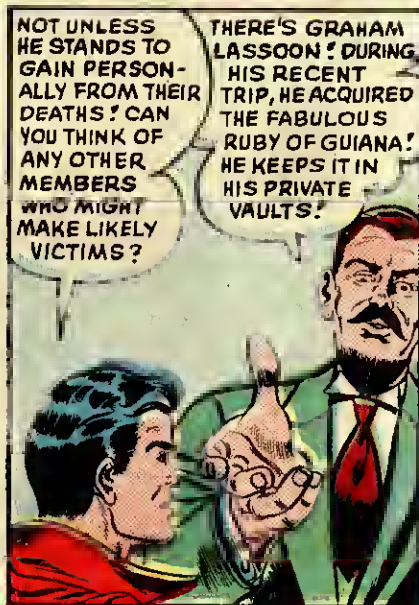
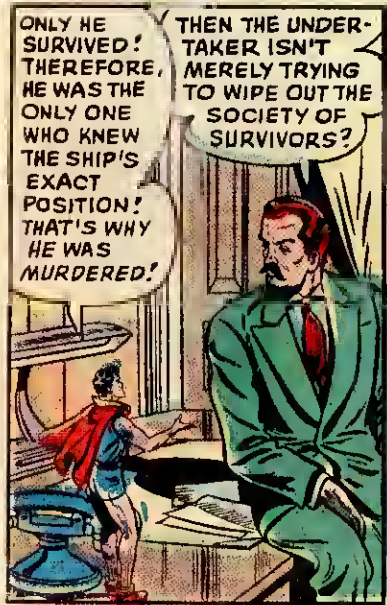
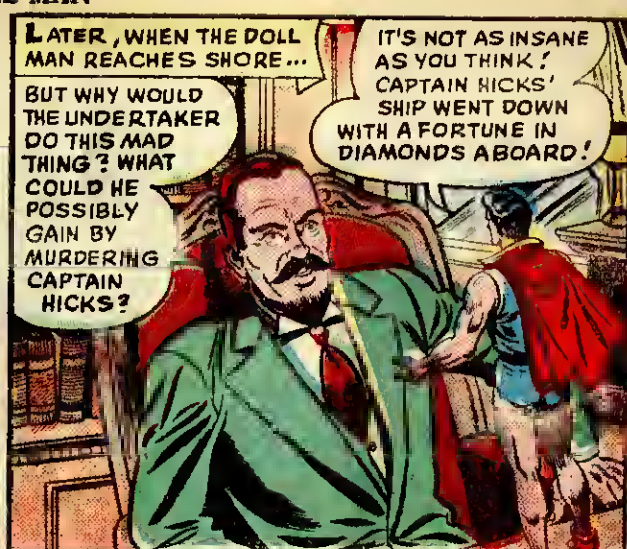
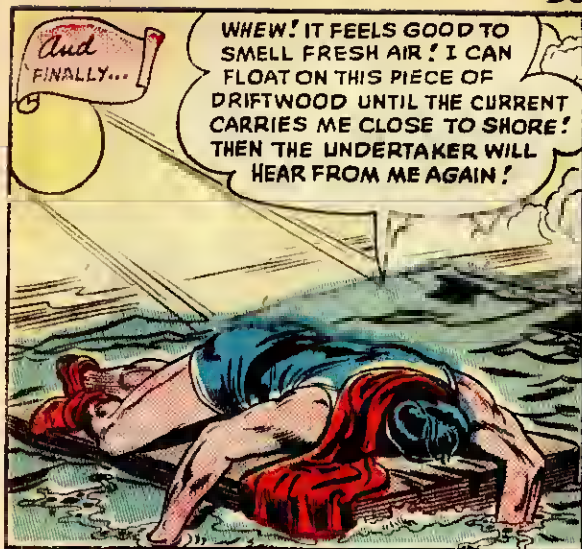
JUST AS IT WAS REPORTED IN THE SHIP'S MANIFEST! OVER A MILLION DOLLARS IN PERFECT DIAMONDS!

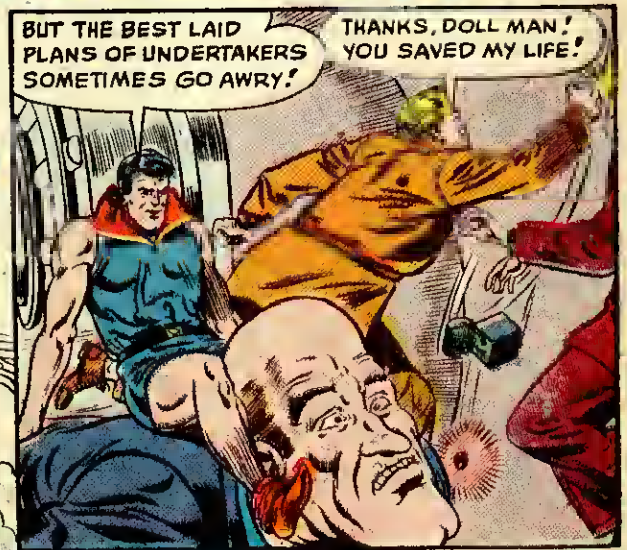
WHAT A HAUL! YOU SURE KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR TREASURE, UNDERTAKER!

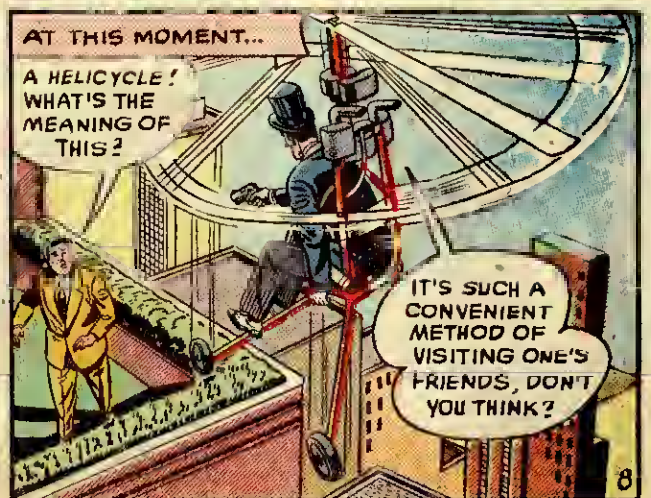
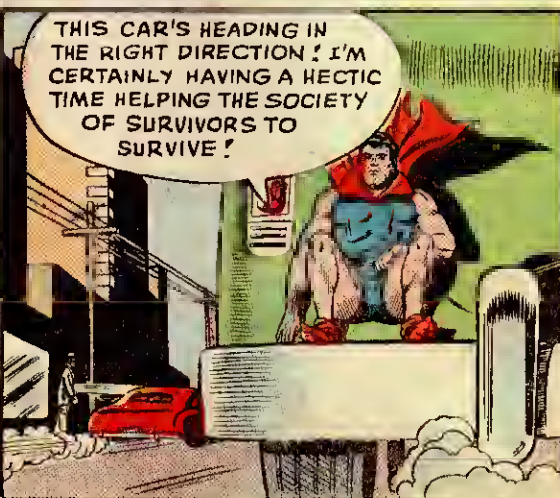
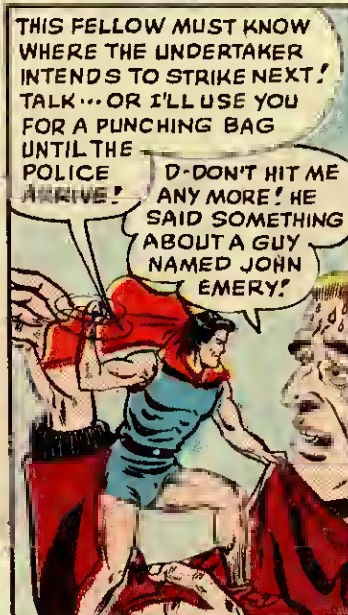
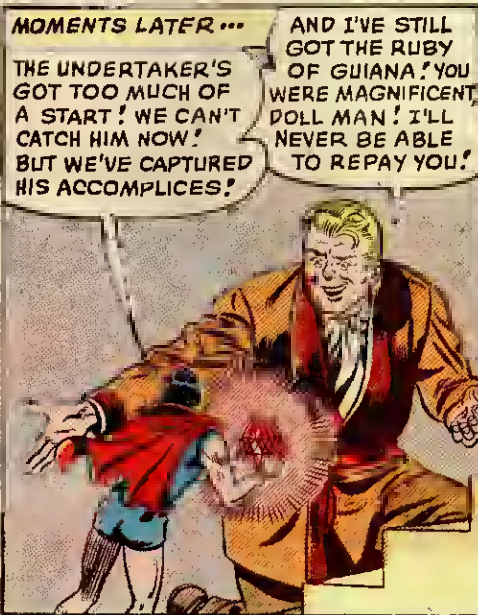
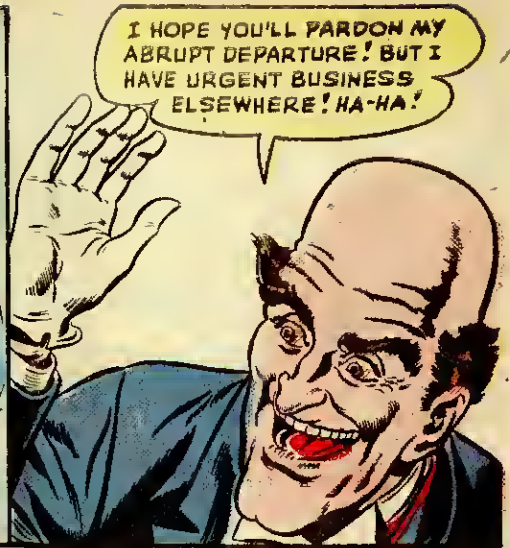
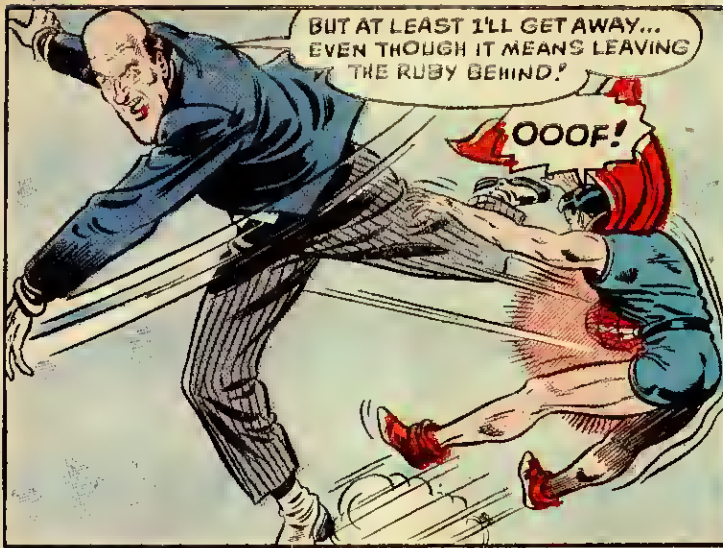




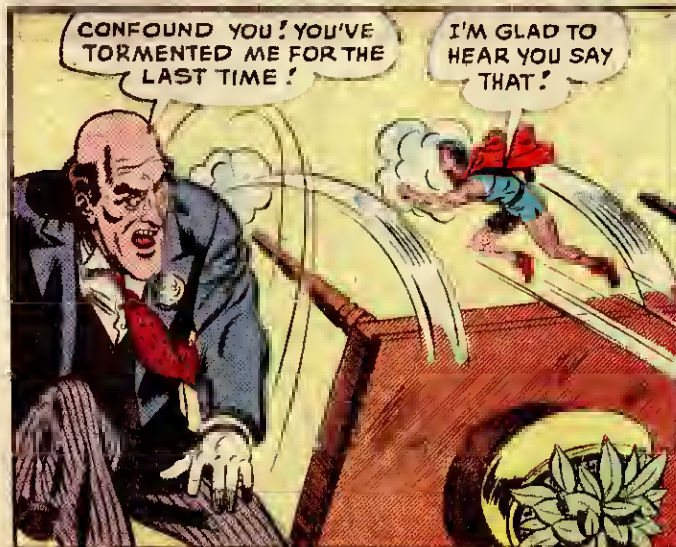
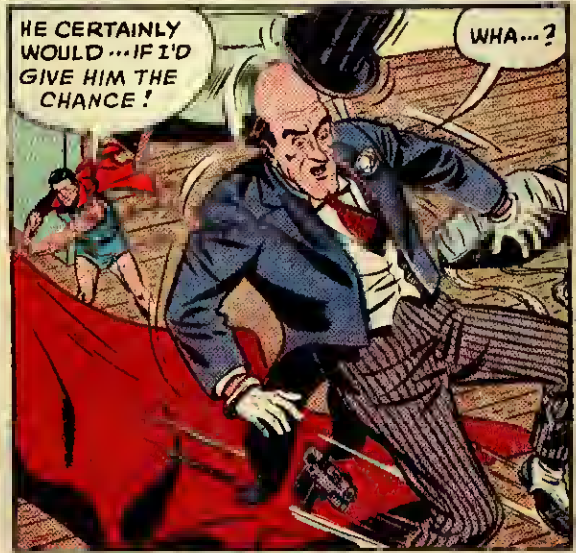
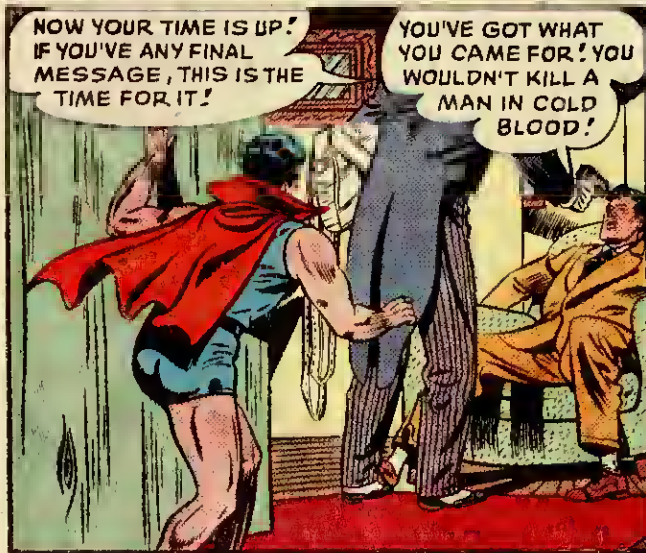
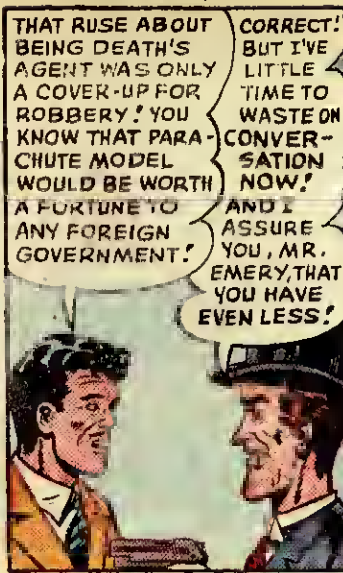
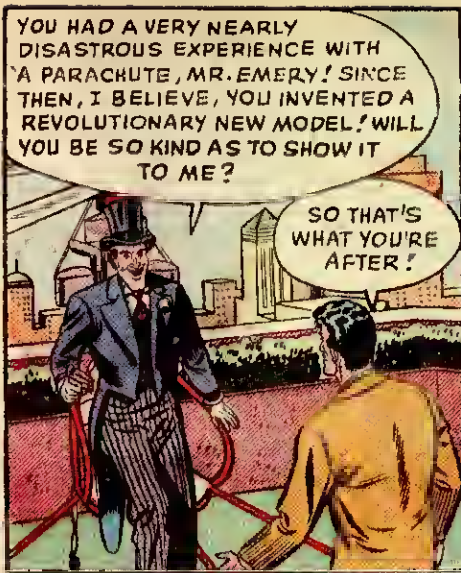




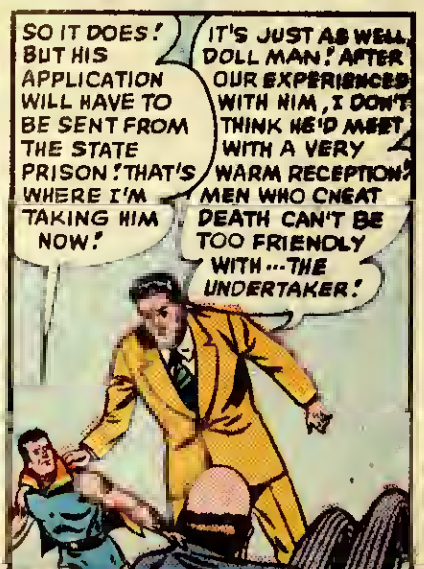
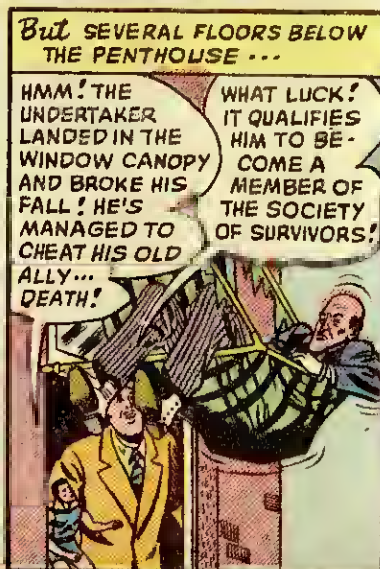
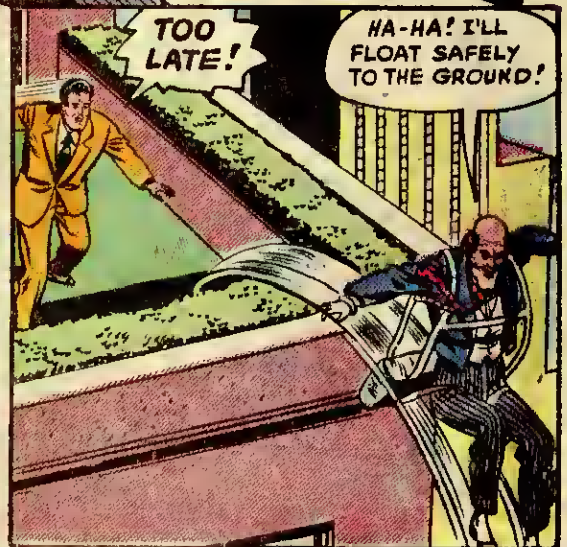
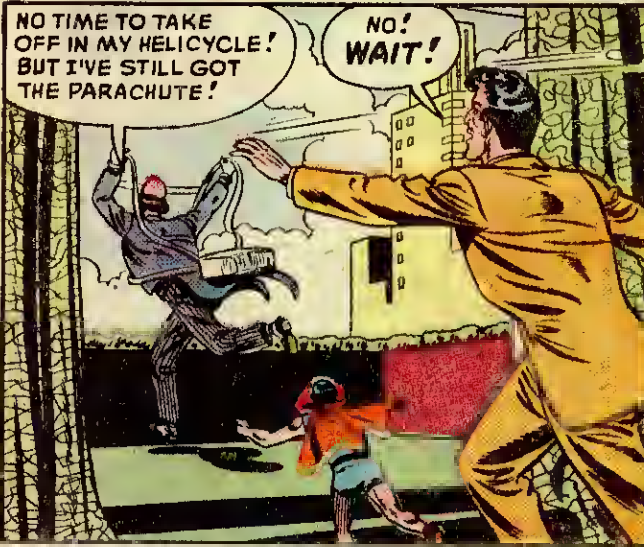
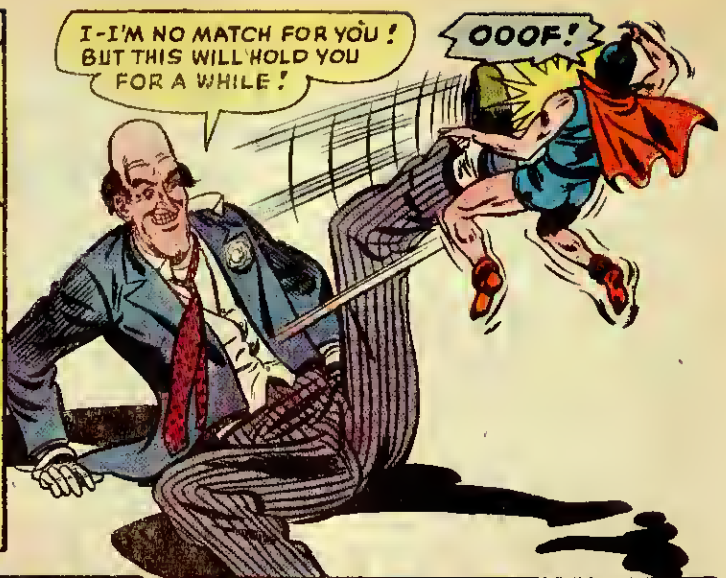




DOLL MAN

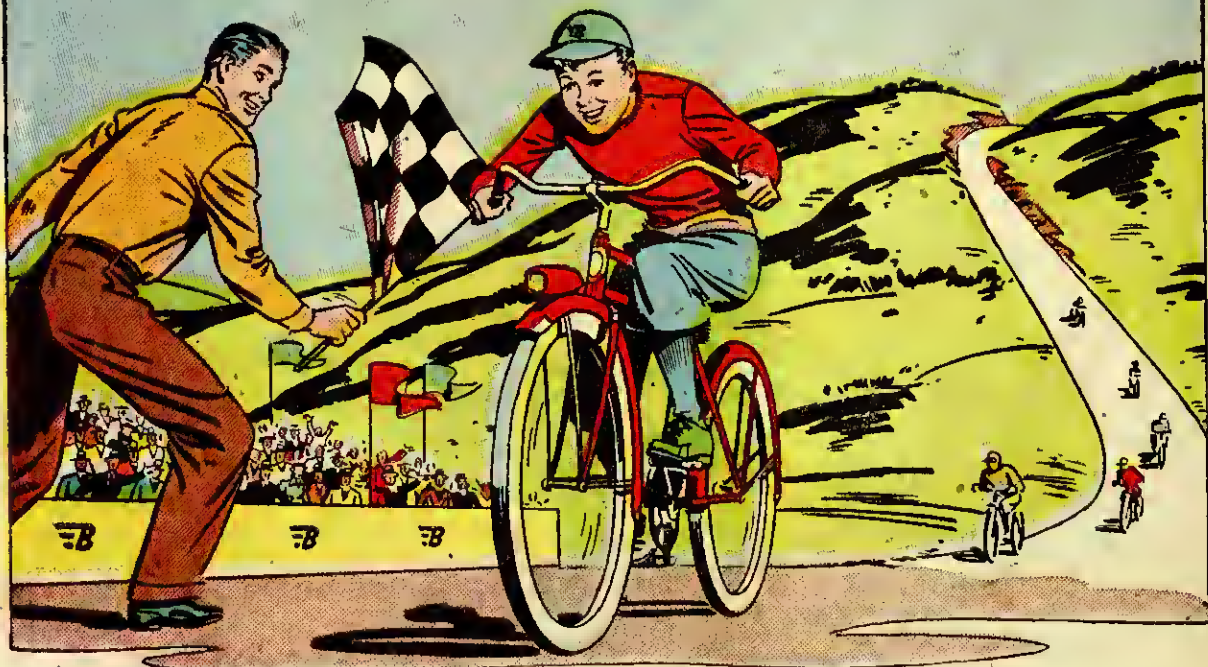


DOLL MAN

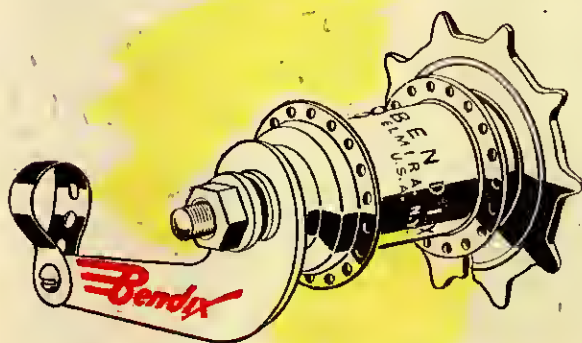




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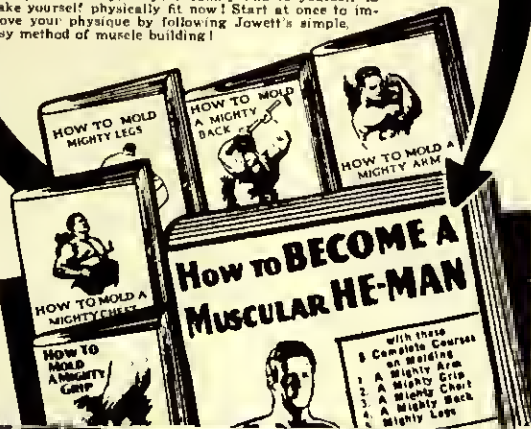
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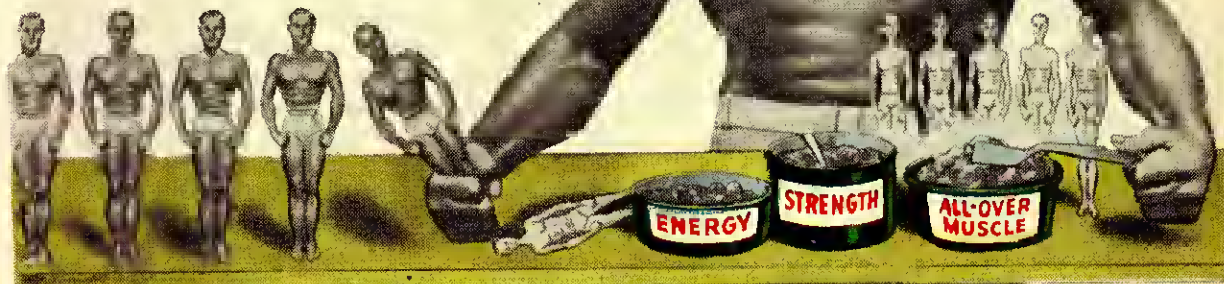
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